

THE
ROTCHFORDS;
OR, THE
FRIENDLY COUNSELLOR.

VOL. II.

1840

THE

REPUBLICAN

OF

NEW YORK

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THE
ROTCHFORDS;
OR, THE
FRIENDLY COUNSELLOR:
DESIGNED FOR THE
INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT
OF THE
YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES.

By M. P.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Let Heav'n-born virtue be thy constant guide ;
Nor seek thy errors by deceit to hide ;
Convinc'd no falsehood can mislead that Power,
Who's Judge Almighty of each passing hour !

L O N D O N :

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VOL. II

THE FIRST VOLUME CONTAINS THE
FIRST PART OF THE COURSE OF
INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT
FOR THE YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES

BY M. P.

OF THE MARSHALL AND CO. AT NO. 42
NASSAU ST. N. Y.

THE
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AS I walked back, I could not help reflecting upon what had passed, and lamenting the extreme folly of children not accustoming themselves to do as they were desired, even in the smallest particulars. And how ridiculous it is that they will not! For on whose head will the mischief of their disobedience fall? Undoubtedly on their own. I am sure, in the trifling particular of putting away his hat, master *John Ribbat* gave himself ten times the trouble that hanging it where his mother desired him would have done; besides the mischief of breaking the glass, and discovering the rebelliousness of his own disposition. So again, when Miss *Eliza* eat the pudding; for *whose* sake could she suppose her mother desired her to wait a little, but for her own? Would swallowing it hot burn her *mother's* mouth? or give *her* a pain in her stomach? And yet, as if she supposed her *mamma* did not deserve to be at-

tended to, she directly disobeyed her, and suffered accordingly; as did her brother, when he would hunt the fawns, contrary to his father's orders. And so, my dear *Charles*, you may depend upon it, that if children will follow their own judgments, in contradiction to the advice of their parents, some evil or other will always ensue, as in the cases I have just now mentioned to you. Not *always*, Sir, said *Charles*; for you see no harm happened because *John Ribbat*, regardless of his father's orders, littered the garden; nor would clear it away when he told him. I do not mean, my dear, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, that some *bodily* misfortune will *always* instantly follow, though very frequently that is the case; but, some evil *consequences* or other, I believe, you will generally find to be the attendant upon disobedience. The very instance now, for example, that you mention. If you regard *character* as any thing, or value the *love* and *esteem* of others, as necessary to your peace and comfort; the *hurting* your character, or the *loosing* the love and esteem of those you converse with, must surely be reckoned a very material harm. And must not this be the case with *John Ribbat*? Was it possible, do you suppose, for me to be witness to his behaviour, and not conclude that he was indifferent to the approbation of his parents, since he could give himself so little care to deserve it. And can any body have a good opinion of the person who does not try to oblige his parents? Surely they cannot! Thus they forfeit all title to esteem, and lose the honor of a fair character. And again, *John*, by not gathering up his fragments of
paper,

paper, packthread, and sticks, as his father desired him, lest that for the servant to do, who no doubt, would find it as troublesome as master *John* himself did, nor would any better like the employment; consequently, he would feel displeased at the person who caused him that labour, especially if it had often been repeated, and therefore have less love for *John* than he would otherwise have, did he not occasion him such trouble. The love of his father and mother too cannot possibly be the same towards him, as if at all times he discovered a willingness to comply with their desires. And are not these considerations, *Charles*, of some importance, though no accident should directly befall the body?

It is a sad silly habit that many young persons get into, of not attending to what is said to them; which, though perhaps it may not proceed from any *badness* of heart, yet, is certain always to lead to much inconvenience and trouble. Your cousin *James*, and his sister *Mary*, always hurt me in this respect; they are both good tempered, and appear well disposed children; but pay so little regard to what is told them, that your uncle and aunt may speak a dozen times to them upon any subject before they do as they are desired. The other day, when at our house, did not you observe how repeatedly her mamma told *Mary* to fold up her gloves? But instead of doing so, she laid them down upon the chair, then in the window-seat, then on the table, then whirled them round in her hand, then threw them up, and caught them again; in short, laid them in every place, and did every thing with them, except wrap-

ping them up, and putting them in her pocket as her mother desired her. Now, perhaps, you will think there was no great *crime* in this, and the consequence not very important where she kept her gloves; but the value of the gloves was not the thing (though children certainly ought to take care of what cost their parents money;) but it discovered such an *inattention* to her mother's advice, such a *carelessness* of pleasing, that towards *any one* would be extremely *rude*, but when shewn to a *parent* is absolutely *wrong*. And from never accustoming herself to regard what is said to her upon *trifling* occasions, she will get the habit of slighting advice upon the most *important*.

Had *John Ribbat* made it his constant practice to mind when first spoken to, he would have ceased to hunt the sawns the moment his father bade him, and thereby have prevented the pain he afterwards felt, and I must say, most *deservedly* too. But permitting himself in general to hear with indifference, the orders of his parents, he no more thought it needful to mind at one time than another; and therefore, regardless of their caution, plunged himself into danger: as likewise did his sister, by not observing her mother's caution, and letting her pudding cool before she began to eat it. But I need not seek in other families for examples to shew the ill consequence of children not observing what is told them; your brother *George's* accident is a sufficient proof of that. Had he minded the very last words I spoke as the coach drove from the door, or the orders I before gave him to sit quiet, he would have saved

saved himself all that misery he now endures; and his friends the painful anxiety they suffer for his sake.

That is very true, to be sure, said *Charles*, but I dare say, Sir, he did not do it out of *disobedience*; he was only at play, and did not think of what you had said. Did not *think*, *Charles*? I, the other day, if I recollect right, gave you my opinion of people acting wrong, because they do not *think*; and endeavoured to convince you, that it was so very poor an excuse that it never could much mitigate an offence. So young a child as *George*, I should not expect to have much thought about the *consequences* of his actions; but he certainly is old enough to mind what is told him. He might not, in all probability foresee the danger of breaking the glasses if he went to play; but *I* did, and therefore cautioned him against it, and he *heard* and *understood* what I said; and happy, poor fellow, had it been for him, if he had *minded* as well as heard. Thus in every instance, *Charles*, you may depend upon it, you will always be *most* safe, when you *most* follow the advice of your parents and friends, whose experience has gained them knowledge, and whose affection for you will never suffer them to mislead you. Or if at any time they *should* be mistaken, still no blame will be laid upon you for your obedience, *they* will be answerable for the error; but *you* will have performed your duty in the best manner you could, and will, therefore, be entitled to commendation instead of censure.

Mr. *Rotchford* was proceeding in his discourse, when a servant came to inform him, that Master *George* was awake, and Mr. *Green* with him. He then desiring *Charles* to continue in the garden till called for, immediately went to them; and found *George* wrapped up in his mamma's lap, whilst Mr. *Green* was dressing the wounds of his arm. Poor *George*, who had scarce ceased crying since the first moment of his accident, redoubled his screams at the painful operation of searching the wound in his arm, for more glass, which Mr. *Green* apprehended was still lodged in it. His mother, who sat turning his eyes away from the sight of the instruments, by holding his right cheek with her left hand, whilst the other pressed against her bosom, endeavoured to sooth him and abate his crying, whilst her own tears trickled fast down, and wetted his hair. Mr. *Rotchford*, observing the painful situation of his wife, intreated her to leave the room, and give the child to him: but she, fearful of any way adding to her child's uneasiness, replied, I am not at all tired of holding him, I thank you.

After the poor boy was again laid in the bed, Mr. *Rotchford* enquired of Mr. *Green*, if he thought it would be dangerous to move him, as they much wished to be with the rest of their family at home, and could not think of leaving him in his present condition? Mr. *Green* answered, he did not wonder at their desire to be with their other children; but advised them, by no mean to think of removing *George*, at least till the next day: and promised to call again
in

in the evening to enquire after him: in the mean time, he ordered him some draughts to abate his fever, and if possible to procure him a little sleep; but they took very little or no effect, his fever continued very high, and the pain of his arm so violent as to prevent his getting any rest.

When Mr. Green saw him in the evening, he appeared rather surpris'd at finding him so very indifferent, but gave no hopes of any speedy amendment. His mamma again sat up with him; and this night was not less restless than the preceeding. Mr. Green again visited him early in the morning, and strongly recommended their calling in farther advice. Mr. and Mrs. Ratchford again urging the necessity of their being at home, he gave permission for George's being moved. Accordingly, after breakfast, they took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Blisfeld, and returned thither; where they no sooner arrived, than they dispatched a man on horse-back to fetch a Mr. Soft, an eminent surgeon who resided in the next town. It would be impossible to describe the emotions of poor Mary, upon seeing her brother George in so dismal a situation, as she considered herself the cause of his misfortune, though in reality, she was not at all blameable for the part she had acted. But certain it is, no one of any sensibility can consider themselves as even the innocent cause of another's affliction, without being much hurt by the reflection, even though it should be one with whom they have no nearer connection than the tie of common humanity. But in the present instance Miss Mary's

distress was very sincere, as she had a most tender affection for her brother, and would joyfully, at any time have endured pain herself, rather than those she loved should suffer. When I think, she exclaimed, that it was owing to *me* he endures so much, I cannot *bear* it! and only because I did not like to have my cap knocked off, and tumbled! He had better have spoiled every cap in the nation, than have been so hurt, I am sure! I cannot think what could make me so cross as to mind it! Suppose he had pushed it off, or bent the wires, what great consequence would that have been of? But, poor fellow, his arm is of *great, vast* importance, and *I, I* was the cause of it!

But, my dear, interrupted her mamma, you do wrong to distress yourself so much upon that account, or accuse yourself of *crossness* where I do not find you at all deserved that reproach. If, indeed, you had been doing any thing *wrong*, or if through *ill-nature* to your brother you had caused his accident, you might then justly have condemned yourself as the author of it. But as I understand the affair, that does not appear to be the case. You could not foresee what would happen: if you could have done that, I acknowledge with you, that your cap had much better have been spoiled, or your frock torn, than poor *George* have suffered so much. But we are not, my dear, answerable for those accidents which happen contrary to our expectations and designs; we cannot, to be sure, help lamenting them, as in the present instance; but I do not

See that you need more afflict yourself, than any of the rest of us; unless indeed, because you did not attend to what your papa told you: for, did he not, as the coach drove off, desire you to let the glasses alone? Yes, Madam, replied *Mary*, he did, and I am sure, I wish, with all my heart, I had minded! But the front glass was up when we set off, and till *George* let it down to pull *James's* coat: so I thought I might put it up again, as my intention was not to play with it; nor did I break it by pulling it up; but I wish I had let it alone, and let poor *George* play as he would. I wish so too, my dear, resumed *Mrs. Roichford*, and I hope it will convince you all, of the ill consequence of not minding what is said to you: had *George* been quiet as he was desired, none of this sad affair would have happened. But *Mary*, continued she, if you feel so much for having endeavoured to prevent *George* from standing upon the seat, and playing with the coachman; only think what your sufferings would be, had you occasioned his misfortune through any *ill-nature*, or inconsiderate *carelessness*; such as *heedlessly* pushing him through the window, or through *impatience* or *petulance*, causing him to fall against it? How, I say, must these, or such like circumstances, have added to your distress, and augmented your present sufferings? Then indeed you might justly have reflected upon yourself as being the author of all his misery, and the stings of your own conscience might well have contributed to make you truly wretched. O! if it had

had happened so ! exclaimed *Mary*, what would have become of me? I should have been ready to chop off my own arms by way of revenging the pain I had inflicted on his. That, my dear, said her mamma, would have been but an indifferent recompence to him. *Seeing* you suffer would not have eased his pain, or have afforded him any relief. But the consideration of our *after reflection*, should keep us at all times from either saying an unkind word, or doing a wrong action; since no torment, we may assure ourselves, in this world can be equal to the stings of a *guilty conscience*.

Mrs. *Rotchford* was here interrupted by the arrival of Mr. *Soft*, whom she attended into her son's chamber. He examined the wounds in both his arms. That in the left he pronounced to be of small importance, such as a few days would perfectly restore; but he appeared greatly alarmed at the appearance of the other, and gave very little hopes of amendment: on the contrary, said, that it was certainly extremely bad, and he could not flatter them with the most distant hope of his ever recovering the *use* of it, but would apply every method he could think of to abate the inflammation and pain; and in the mean time, desired that he might be kept very quiet, and have proper means used for the abatement of his fever, which still continued very high. The whole family were much distressed at this dismal account given by Mr. *Soft*; and it was not without great difficulty Mrs. *Rotchford* could be prevailed upon to leave him that night to the care of his nurse; but her husband beseeching her to consider
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the importance of her own health to the happiness of the whole family, at last, to oblige him, consented, and, with tears in her eyes, left his chamber a little after twelve.

Mrs. *Rotchford* arose again the next morning before five, and found her poor boy in much the same painful, restless state, in which she had left him; he had slept not above half an hour during the night, complained much of violent thirst, and frequently enquired for his mamma. As soon as she went to him, he took her by the hand, and holding her tight by the fore-finger, said, Do not go away again, mamma, I am so very bad I do not know what to do! I have just been thinking, that I have got the gout; for do not you remember when my grand-papa had it, how *monstrously* his hand was swelled; and it was just like mine, I dare say, for he told me that he could not sleep, and was very bad, and in a great deal of pain; though to be sure, I do not think any body, in *all* the world, ever was in so much agony as I am; for I never felt any thing half so bad in all my life before. Do you think, mamma, any body was ever so very bad, or had their arm ache so much as mine does? Yes indeed, my love, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, I do really think a great number of people have not only felt as *much* pain, but a great deal *more* than you do. Do not you think that Captain *Willmot*, who dined here a little while ago, who, you remember, went upon crutches, and had two wooden legs, must have felt as much pain when both his legs were

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were shot off; as you do with your one arm? I think he must; but I dare say he did not cry so much as you. O! then, answered *George*, he could not be so bad, or he would have cried too, I am sure; for I cannot get the least ease: I dare say, I feel as much pain as *Kitty's* squirrel did, when its tail was pulled off. I had almost forgot the squirrel, said his mamma; but I must remember and desire your brother to dig up his coffin to-day, for I cannot afford him one of the china tureens: it was a droll fancy for *Charles* to take that, was not it, my dear? O! I do not know, replied *George*, in a fresh agony of pain; and again burst into tears.

He continued crying for some time; but between seven and eight grew rather easier, and got into a doze, in which he continued above an hour, when Mr. *Seft*, entering his apartment, waked him.

Upon examining his arm, Mr. *Seft* expressed his desire, that some other surgeon might likewise see it as soon as possible; and when Mr. *Rotchford* attended him down stairs, confessed he thought him in a most dangerous state. My own opinion is, said he, that he has no chance for his life, but by immediately losing his arm. It is possible, however, it may not appear so needful to another person; let me, therefore, beg of you to let some gentleman meet me here as soon as may be, that we may consult what more can be done; I must now go a little farther, but I will be back again by twelve at noon.

Poor Mr. *Rotchford*, you may suppose, was greatly affected by this very melancholy account of his son; it distressed

distressed him exceedingly how to acquaint his wife with the dismal news; and yet, as it was so soon to be determined, it was necessary she should be prepared for so dreadful an event. He, therefore, after sitting a little while, endeavouring to compose himself, called her out of *George's* chamber, and in as tender a manner as possible gave her the melancholy account. It would be impossible for me to describe the emotions of these fond parents upon so distressing a prospect. They both agreed, how much less would be their sufferings, to see their child expire, than to think of his undergoing so violent an operation. But then again, they reasoned, that if life could be preserved, though by so severe a mean, still it was their duty to consent to it, as every one should endeavour to the utmost, to save the life which God had lent them. He may, said they, though he loses his limb, still live to be a useful member of society; and undoubtedly out of tenderness to his present feelings, we must not suffer him to expire whilst assistance can be given him. They therefore agreed to send for a Mr. *Steel*, to meet Mr. *Soft* at noon, and to abide by their determination, be it what it would. Whilst they were conversing together, the nurse came to beg they would be so good as to go up to Master *George*, as he seemed much to wish for their company. They immediately went into his room; but upon his calling out, Mamma, where are you gone to? Pray come and sit by me! Poor Mrs. *Rotchford* was quite overpowered, and instead of advancing to him, hurried out of the room, and throwing herself into a chair which

which stood by the door, gave way to those tender feelings which so deeply pierced her heart, and sobbed to so violent a degree, that her husband hearing her, left little *George* to go to her assistance. With difficulty he at last got her into her own room, and laid her on the bed, begging her not to attempt again to visit *George* for the present, which she promised to comply with. Her daughters hearing she was not well, anxiously came to enquire after her, and earnestly begged to know the cause of that distress they found her in. But as she thought it would be useless to inform them of what would so deeply afflict their hearts, she assigned no other reason for her tears than their brother's illness. But my dearest, mamma, said *Sophia*, he is not *worse* than he was; nurse told me he had some sleep this morning: pray do not distress yourself in such a manner! I dare say he will be better! You know Mr. *Soft* said his left arm would soon be well; and I hope the other will mend soon too; I dare say it will; do not my dear mamma cry so.

In this manner did those amiable girls strive to comfort their mother; but, alas! they only added to the emotions of her heart, whilst they so frequently repeated their hopes of *that* arm quickly mending, which she knew was shortly to be taken off.

In this manner were they engaged, when Mr. *Steel's* chariot stopped at the door, and in a few moments was followed by Mr. *Soft's*. I will not attempt to describe what I am no way able to do, the anguish Mrs. *Rotchford* suffered upon their arrival; or with what horror of mind

mind Mr. *Rotchford* attended them to the chamber of his son: much less can I give any description of his feelings when he found it was determined, that the limb was to be immediately amputated. He could not suffer himself to see his wife; but sent a message to her, earnestly requesting her to move herself and children from the house, that they might not be still more affected by the outcries of poor *George*.

She instantly complied with his request, and scarce knowing whither she went, and bidding her daughters to attend her, directed her steps to a small summer-house, which stood at some distance from the dwelling. There, in an agony of mind, not to be described, nor even *imagined* by those whose hearts have not been torn by the suffering of a beloved object; she gave a loose to her tears; at the same time earnestly imploring Heaven to support and strengthen her child, to go through the painful operation. Her intention was to conceal from all her other children, their brother's misfortune, till such time as his amending health, should mitigate their sorrow for his sufferings, or at least till their desire to see him, should render it necessary for them to be told. But so violent were her emotions, whilst in the summer-house, and so ardent her prayers, that he might have *strength* to support himself; that her two eldest daughters, (and *Charles*, who had also joined them,) plainly discovered something more than common was the cause of her tears. Is my brother *dying*? they enquired, or what, my dearest madam, can be the matter? *Pray*, pray tell us! for I am sure it must be something very bad!

bad ! Is he dead ? Dead ! replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, no my dears ! no ! I hope he is not going to die ! nothing is the matter, except his arm, that is worse than we suspected ; it is *as* bad as can be. *Poor ! poor fellow !* added she, O ! what does he this moment suffer. Why, mamma, enquired *Charles*, hastily, why *this* moment suffer ? Is any thing being done to it ? I saw Mr. *Soft*, and Mr. *Steel* come just now ; what are they going to do with his arm ? Not cut it off, are they ? Do not, my dears, answered Mrs. *Rotchford*, enquire any farther, for I cannot tell you. And again she burst into a fresh flood of tears. O ! *it is ! it is !* I am *sure* it is ! they all together rejoined, with a voice of horror, whilst the colour forsook their cheeks, and the tears gushed from their eyes. *Poor ! poor George !* O ! dear, what will he do ? How can he bear it ? Oh ! mamma, what shall we do for him ? O ! the *nasty* coach-glass, exclaimed *Mary*, *how* I wish I had not pulled it up. He will never love me any more ! For it was *I* who caused him all his pain ! O ! how I wish it had cut my arm instead of his ; I am sure he will never be able to love me again !

My dearest girl, rejoined her mother, do not distress yourself in this manner. We must all be most severely afflicted by the poor boy's sufferings, and the anguish of our *hearts*, can be but little less severe than the pain of his *body*. Great as my sorrow is to reflect upon what he must go through, and to see you all thus afflicted ; yet still greater would be my sorrow, if you could, without concern, hear of your brother's misfortune ;

time; for the heart that bleeds not for the wounds of another, must be destitute of every *generous* or *noble* principle. But still, my dear *Mary*, there is no occasion for you so *sadly* to distress yourself, as if through any *ill-nature* or *design* of yours, the accident had befallen him. It is true, you in some degree, were the cause of it; but you were the *innocent* cause, and let that reflection *comfort* you; at the same time that it teaches you carefully to avoid doing any thing which may give you just reason for remorse in future: for if, as I before observed to you, your sufferings are *now* acute from the thought that you were *instrumental* to his misfortune, what do you suppose must be the distress of those peoples minds who are conscious of *guilt*, and know they acted in a manner which they ought not.

Whilst *Mrs. Rotchford* and her children were thus talking in the summer-house, *Mr. Rotchford* was engaged in a still more melancholy scene within doors. He had attended *Mr. Soft* and *Mr. Steel* into his son's apartment, and stayed whilst they made all necessary preparations by the bed-side. When, finding his spirits unequal to support being present at the dreadful operation, he stooped down to kiss his boy with an affectionate fervency, as if fearful it might be the last he should ever bestow; and he felt the sufferings of his own bosom, heightened by the unsuspecting ignorance of his child. Blessings on thee, thou little innocent! he exclaimed, may Heaven support thee? He was hurrying out of the room, when *George*, perceiving

him going, called after him, Papa! papa! where are you going? *pray* do not go away! I will come back presently, my love, replied Mr. *Rotchford*. But stop, *pray* do Sir! again rejoined *George*, pray come back! I want to speak to you; pray stay! Mr. *Rotchford* stepped back to the bed-side, and *George*, taking hold of him, said, *Pray, pray*, my dear papa! do not go and leave me till Mr. *Soft* has done my arm. Where is mamma? I like to sit in her lap while it is dressed; but this time I will sit in yours. Mr. *Rotchford* again attempted to quit the room, promising to return soon. But *George* bursting into tears, besought him with such earnestness to continue with him, that he resolved, whatever his own sufferings might be, to remain where he was, rather than by his absence add in the smallest degree to the unhappiness of his child. He therefore continued by him through the dismal operation, sustaining such painful emotions of mind as no language can possibly describe, nor any heart conceive, that has never been called to the like dreadful trial.

The moment the operation was safely over, he dispatched a messenger to the summer-house to inform his anxious wife; and to desire her still to continue there, untill he should again send for her. But, as soon as the surgeons were departed, and *George* laid in bed, (where, owing to a strong opiate which had been given him, he soon appeared stupid, and seemingly insensible of his pain,) Mr. *Rotchford* went himself into the garden; and, upon entering the summer-house, the sight of his wife, and all his other children in tears, together with

the great restraint he had put upon himself whilst attending upon *George*, so overcame him, that he dropped down on the floor, unable to move, or utter a syllable. This greatly added to Mrs. *Rotchford's* distress; she ran to him, and in vain endeavoured to raise him. The children also screamed out, and as fruitlessly tried to help him up. His mother then dispatched *Charles* for some water, which he quickly returned with, only staying to dip his hat in a water-tub which stood close by. My dear, said Mrs. *Rotchford*, we cannot make him drink out of *this*! No, madam, but we can wet him said *Charles*, and at the same time, threw it all in his face: which rough recipe, together with a smelling-bottle, happily brought him to himself; and, for an instant, the joy felt by his wife and children, upon seeing him recover, made them almost forget the sufferings of poor *George*.

But this forgetfulness was but of short continuance, their hearts were too deeply affected to permit it long to be absent from their minds; and with a trembling voice, Mrs. *Rotchford* enquired after her son. Has he, said she survived the amputation? or was it too much for his strength? and are his life and limb resigned together? No, my dearest love, replied her husband, thanks to all-merciful Heaven! he is not only still *alive*, but sustained the operation even better than we could have hoped. I wished not to be present at the dreadful crisis. Had he been a child perfectly *indifferent* to me, I knew it would be a scene most painful for my nature to behold; but to be witness to such an operation per-

formed upon one of my *own* children, I confess, was almost too much for me to support; and I was fearful I should not be able to go through it with proper fortitude. But nobody knows what they *can* do till they come to be tried; our strength is oftentimes greater when we resolutely exert ourselves, than we before expected; and Providence, sufficiently powerful for *every* thing, never fails to help and assist those, who earnestly *try* to do their *best*; and to the utmost, endeavour to support the difficulties they are called upon to sustain. Let us then, my love, look to that helping Providence alone, for strength to support our spirits through the melancholy scene we are now engaged in. Heaven knows what our sufferings are upon this, and every occasion; and provided we exert our fortitude, and patiently submit to what God is pleased to appoint, we may rest assured, that we shall never have greater difficulties imposed upon us than we shall be enabled to support.

Here Mr. Rotchford paused, and Kitty enquired, Why he did stay in the room if he so much disliked it? Because, replied her father, *George* so earnestly desired me, that I could not refuse his request. His sufferings, I thought, poor fellow! would be *severe* enough, without my *vexing* him by not staying when he so much wished for me; and at any time I would sacrifice my own ease for the satisfaction of my beloved children. You are *very* kind, Sir, said *Charles*, taking one of his hands, and pressing it between his; then looking upon his fingers as he held them, and the

tears

tears starting to his eyes, he exclaimed, I *hope* this hand will never be cut off! I hope not, my dear, said his father. Ah! replied he, so a few days ago we none of us expected poor *George's* to be; and yet *now poor* fellow! what a sad state is he in? And so, for any thing we can tell to the contrary, *this* hand of yours, may be obliged to be taken off in a week's time. That, said Mr. *Rotchford*, is certainly true: no one can possibly say how soon calamities, or even death, may overtake them; and therefore, we ought always to live in such a manner, as, let death come when it will, we may be ready and prepared to meet it. And likewise, we should not fix our hearts and affections too deeply on any *worldly* good, or possessions; since, as you observe, we are every moment liable to lose them: our very *limbs* not being so secure in our own power, but that we may be obliged to part with them. But, though this is the case, we must not for that reason, *Charles*, suffer ourselves to live in perpetual dread, through the apprehension of future evil: for this would be to make the *whole* of our lives wretched, and to throw away the comforts which Providence is kindly pleased to lend us. To *bear* the misfortunes of life with resignation and fortitude, is the *duty* of every one, and the sign of a truly *great* and *noble* mind. But not to enjoy *present* blessings, through the *dread* and *fear* of some time or other being obliged to part from them, is very *wicked*, and a certain sign of a *weak*, and *cowardly* disposition:

- " *When Heaven, indulgent any blessing lends,*
 " *Whether of goods, of fortune, or of friends,*
 " *Enjoy the boon; and gratefully receive*
 " *Whate'er kind Providence sees fit to give:*
 " *Nor let the dread of ills some future day,*
 " *Destroy thy peace, or drive fair Hope away.*
 " *For this, thy proper business, mortal know!*
 " *Is with the current of thy life to flow.*
 " *If ills attend thee, patiently submit,*
 " *And bend submissive, to what God sees fit.*
 " *But when prosperity with happy gales,*
 " *Waits smooth thy bark, and gently fills thy sails,*
 " *Rejoice with humble gratitude; for know!*
 " *Thy God, O! mortal! hath ordain'd it so!"*

Thy God! O! mortal! hath ordain'd it so! indeed, repeated Mrs. Rotchford; but come, let us return to the house; not that I wish to take any of you in-doors; but I must go to my poor boy, though I greatly dread to see him.

She then went in accompanied by her husband. The children also were very desirous of going to their brother; but as he was to be kept as quiet as possible, they were not permitted to go up. Mrs. Rotchford, upon entering the room, was greatly affected; but still more so, when little George (who saw her between an opening of the curtains) called out, *Is it you, mamma? Where have you been all day? I have wanted you so much! I never wanted you so much in all my life! Do you know, when Mr. Sest and two other men, and*
my

my papa, had me by themselves, without you, they cut off my arm? I did not think my *papa* would let me be used so! Why did not *you* come to *save* me? I called you as loud as ever I could scream; but you would not come, though I am sure you must have heard me, for I never called so loud in all my life. My papa said it was to cure me, and make me well; but I am sure that is a story, for I am a *great, great* deal worse than ever I was; and my arm is not a bit easier, for it aches as much as ever it did; and I believe I am *quite* killed. No, my love, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, you are *not* killed, but I hope will soon be better. What your papa told you was very true, and your arm was indeed taken off to cure you, and make you well; for, if it had continued on, it would soon have made your whole body very bad, and that *would* have killed you. But do not, my dear boy, talk so much, lie still and try to go to sleep; Mr. *Soft* has desired you would be quiet, I will sit down by you, and not leave you any more all day, if you will be quiet and lie still. Then do not, resumed *George*, let Mr. *Soft* and the other men come and cut my other arm off, but stay and watch me: and if I get to sleep, do not let them come to me; but bolt the door to keep them out, and sit down by me, *close* by me, and take care of me, for I am *vastly* bad indeed; and my arm that is cut off aches and smarts *ten hundred* times worse than ever it did. Hush! hush! my dear, said his mamma, you must not talk so much: I *will* sit by you, and take care that no one shall hurt you: but you must first drink this

little dose of phyfic, which I hope will give you ease. Now let me see how like a man you can drink it at once without stopping ! I do not like to have it at all, said *George*. Besides, what is the use of my taking it ? You before gave me phyfic to cure my arm, you said ; and now that is cut off, this *nastiness* can do it no good ! It will not make it join on again, will it ? No, replied his mother, that it cannot do ; but it may give you ease, and make you fall asleep. At least it is proper, and ordered for you, and I must have it swallowed immediately : and you are too good, I am sure, not to do what you are desired.

Mrs. *Rotchford* then carried it to him, not aware how greatly she would be affected by the sight of him. But no sooner did she cast her eyes upon his face, which was as pale almost as the pillow on which he lay, and saw the bandages which were wrapped round him, than the cup dropped from her hand, and she fainted away, falling on the bed. Poor *George*, alarmed at so sudden an alteration in the appearance of his mother, bursting into tears, called out, mamma is dead ! This alarmed the nurse, who, sitting by the window, had not observed what happened. She instantly ran to her mistress's assistance, and by the help of some hartshorn, soon restored her to her senses, when a violent flood of tears greatly relieved her ; and she was soon so far recovered, as to be able again to approach her son with another phial of medicine, which he drank very quietly, and in a short time afterwards fell into a sound sleep. Mrs. *Rotchford*, according to her promise, never quitted his
bed-

bed-side all day; and his father made very frequent visits to enquire after him. His brother and sisters also anxiously often came to the door to listen if any one was stirring, that they might learn how he did: and asked a thousand questions of whoever came out of the room, to know if he slept? if he grew easier? whether he ceased crying? how he looked? if he spake? what he said? whether he could eat, or drink? and in short, every particular which their affection made them desirous of being satisfied in.

In the evening, Mr. *Rotchford* took a walk down the garden with the children, and passing by the spot where the squirrel was buried, *Charles* pointed it out to him, saying, There, Sir, directly under that stick lies poor honest *Squg*, at rest in his china vase. O! then pray, said his father, smiling, fetch your spade, and remove his bones into something else. *What* else, enquired *Kitty*, can do half so well? May I put him into a half-pint stone-mug that is in the house, and then fasten the top of this box over it? holding one in her hand as she spoke. Aye, aye, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, you may do that if you please; so away ran *Kitty* for the stone mug, and *Charles* for the spade, with which he directly began to dig for the squirrel. Take care, *Charles*, said his father, mind and do that carefully, or you will break the tureen, and then all your labour will be useless. Yes! yes! Sir, I will take care of that, replied *Charles*, I know whereabout it is; I shall find it in a minute or two, I dare say. And when he had dug pretty near to it, he knelt down on one knee, and

and with his knife and hands scratched through the rest of the earth till he came to the tureen. "O! here it is," he exclaimed, as soon as he found his knife grate against it, "I have found my treasure." Then scraping the dirt away from the sides, he took it up, saying, "Well, Mr. *Squirrel*, how do you find yourself? I hope you have been well pleased with your new lodging, and have felt no attacks of the rheumatism from the dampness of the situation. *Do not, Charles*, talk in so laughing a manner," said *Kitty*, taking it from him rather hastily; but let me have it. Come, poor fellow! I am glad, I shall once more see you, sweet creature! Then lifting up the cover, she looked into it. But to her utmost astonishment, perceived its fur all off, and the little animal covered with maggots; whilst the stench that proceeded from it was most intolerable.

It would be no easy task to describe the alteration in her countenance upon this disappointment, for she had expected to behold her favourite in the same state as when she left it. For a few moments she remained in silent astonishment. Then going with it in her hand to her father, she exclaimed, "O-n-l-y look here, papa! see what a dismal *nafty* condition the poor squirrel is in! Who *can* have been so ill-natured as to put these maggots in to eat it up? I am *sure* they could not get in by themselves, for the lid shut quite close, and was tight down, and now when I opened it, there was not room for a single one to crawl through." "You silly little monkey," replied Mr. *Rotchford*, *who can you*
suppose

suppose would have troubled themselves to dig up the Squirrel for the sake of putting in maggots? But do not you know that *all* dead bodies turn to putrefaction, and breed those kind of insects which devour them, notwithstanding they are shut up ever so closely? No! I did not know that, said *Kitty*. I thought when it was put into this nice clean thing, nothing could come to it, or spoiled it. Pough! how it stinks. Indeed, my dear, it does, resumed Mr. *Rotchford*, you called it just now your *sweet* creature; but nothing surely was ever more *mis*-called in this world. Do throw it away, for it smells enough to make one sick! O! dear, I am *so* sorry, said *Kitty*, in a mournful tone of voice, I am quite disappointed; but I think there is no occasion, now it *is* in this condition, to put it into the mug, for it cannot be worse than it is, so it may as well go into the ground naked. Then holding the tureen topsy-turvy, at arm's length, she shook it into the hole from whence it was taken, telling *Charles* to cover it up again as fast as he could, which he very good-humouredly did, saying, I ought to have enquired after the gentleman's *worms*, and not the rheumatism, for that was not his disorder.

And now, said *Kitty*, turning to her papa, pray Sir, what must be done with this tureen? I think if my mamma saw it, she would never chuse to eat sauce from out of it any more, so it might as well have stayed where it was. It will wash again, said Mr. *Rotchford*, so carry it in doors and desire it may be thoroughly cleaned. Miss *Kitty* then ran to carry back both the
tureen

tureen and the mug; and returning to her father, expressed her disappointment at finding her favorite in so sad a condition. To *think*, said she, that that could possibly be my dear little squirrel, who used to look so *very* pretty, and his hair so nice and smooth! Why he did not look like the *same* creature! I declare I should not have known it to be my little *jumper*, let me have seen it where I would; for you know, papa, it used to be so *very* smooth and clean; could you have thought it *possible* for it to alter so?

If I had not *known* that all dead bodies *do* alter in that manner, perhaps I might be as much surprised at it as you are, my dear. But I cannot say I am in the least astonished at its appearance; for I really expected none other. And what, perhaps *Kitty*, you may never have thought, you yourself will undergo as great an alteration in a very few days after your death. All *this* bloom, my love, said he (patting her cheek) will then be entirely gone; nor will those eyes which now sparkle with health, then retain any of their present lustre. Your whole complexion too, my girl, and every feature, will be as much transformed from the appearance they *now* have, as is the squirrel from what he *used* to be. And the same kind of maggots which you saw upon the squirrel, will one day feed upon *you*, upon *me*, and upon the greatest *kings* and *princes* that now tread the earth. And will such nasty fat looking maggots eat *me* up too? enquired *Harriot*. Yes, indeed, said Mr. *Rotchford*, chucking her under the chin as he spoke, they will not pay respect even to *your* dead body; but
will

will eat my little *Harriot* with as much relish as if she was but a squirrel. It is a very unpleasant thought, rejoined *Mary*, and very mortifying to human nature. Mortifying to human *pride* it undoubtedly is, replied her father; for how ridiculous is it to be vain of those perfections which so shortly will not only lose all power to please, but likewise become so exceedingly *disgusting*, that even our fondest friends will not be able to endure us in their sight. This consideration, I should think, would be sufficient to check the vanity of the most perfect beauty upon earth: and when she looks in the glass to survey with pleasure the attractions of her person, if she would remember, that in a very few years, perhaps *days*, all that beauty will be entirely fled, and *loathsome deformity* take place; surely she would find she had but little reason to value herself upon what would so soon be gone, and reduce her to a level with those she esteemed the *ugliest* of the whole creation. When once death hath robbed us of all that pleasing animation, which alone hath power to delight the eye of beholders; when once we are laid in the grave, and the worms have begun to feast upon us, *then* the greatest beauty, and the most deformed; the strongest man, and the most feeble, will be all upon a level; nor (were we to open the graves of those in such a state) should we be able to discover any difference in their persons; but the appearance of all would be *equally* disgusting. How *foolish* then! how *absurd*! it is to value ourselves upon what must so very soon perish and turn to *corruption*. But still, I cannot see, my *Mary*, why the thought

thought should be displeasing to you. If, indeed, your *body* were all you had to boast of; and death and corruption were the only state in which you were to remain; *then*, you might well abhor the idea, of your present activity and comeliness of person being so soon extinguished. But this, my love, is far from being the case; our bodies you know, are but mere *outside cases*, or *shells* to our souls, in which God has placed them for a little time, that they may have an opportunity of displaying their virtues, by complying with all those duties the Almighty has appointed. And, if we are careful to obey God, and follow his commandments, whilst we continue in this world; these souls, we are informed, shall, when our bodies drop into the grave, be removed into a state of *happiness* and *glory*; where they shall not, like our bodies decay, and be devoured by worms, and turn to corruption; but shall continue to enjoy perfect and uninterrupted happiness through all eternity; that is *for ever*, never more to cease.

This then, my children, being the state of the case, our *souls*, you see, are what we should bestow our labour and constant care upon, to improve and render virtuous, that they may be admitted into the kingdom of Heaven. For though the soul of every person is immortal, and will never die; yet, it is the souls only of those who are *righteous* and *good* in this world, that shall be *happy* in the world to come. Whilst the wicked (all those who have taken no care to render themselves pleasing to God, by observing his laws) shall be *turned into hell*, that dreadful place of unknown torments, where their
misery

misery shall far exceed any pains we can now imagine. What! be worse than having an *arm* cut off? said *Harriet*. Aye *much, much* worse indeed! replied Mr. *Rotchford*, much worse than any pain or distress ever known on earth. Think then how worthy of all our care it is, to live so, that we may not be in danger of ever going to that place of torment. And, if at all times we strive to be good, by doing those things we know to be right, and avoiding those things we know to be wrong, then we need not be afraid of *any* thing. God will be our friend; and though the worms may eat our bodies, which will hurt us no more than they now do the squirrel; our souls shall be in peace, and everlasting glory. Tell me then, my dear *Mary*, what cause have we to dread the thought of these *carcasses* of *flesh* becoming food for insects, turning into corruption, or mouldering into dust?

To be sure, Sir, replied *Mary*, it does not, as you say, much signify *what* becomes of our bodies when dead, as they will not be sensible of pain, nor know in how displeasing a state they appear. Besides *Mary*, rejoined *Charles*, as people are not often buried in *china tureens*, they are seldom dug up again to be looked at when half eaten; so I would not have you distress yourself upon the thought, how you will *appear* to your neighbours, and the Misses of your acquaintance; for I dare say, my little *Polly* (going to her and kissing her as he spoke) will make as pleasing a mess of worms and corruption, and look as *pretty* as any buried and dug up-again Miss of them all. Pshaw! *Charles*,
how

how ridiculously you talk ! said *Mary*, turning her cheek from him. I was really *serious*, and not at all intending to make a joke of so important a subject. Take care that *you* never discover greater weakness upon any occasion than *I* did, by saying it was not a pleasant thought, to be reduced to that *filthy, stinking* state of the squirrel.

Well, my dear, said Mr. *Rotchford*, I dare say *Charles* did not intend to joke upon the serious subjects of either *death* or *immortality*; nor even at *you* for expressing that dislike, which our nature at first thought feels at the idea of being degraded into so *odious* an appearance. I have too good an opinion of him, to suppose him capable of acting in so wrong a manner, because a truly good and sensible mind, will no more make jokes upon death, than it will fear it. Those persons who are greatly alarmed at the apprehension of death, prove that they are either conscious of not having behaved as they *ought* to have done, or else, that they are of a *weak* and *cowardly* disposition of mind. But those who *laugh* at death, and pretend to *disregard* its consequences; discover such an *impious audacity*, that every man of *virtue* or *sense* would blush to be thought guilty of. If ever I hear persons *laughing* at the solemnity of death, or wishing themselves *dead* upon every trivial vexation, I always look upon it as an infallible sign, that they have never reflected upon it in a proper manner, nor considered that the stroke of death is to introduce them to the presence of their *Almighty Judge*, whose sentence will consign them to everlasting happiness,

pinels or misery: an event by far too important to pretend to *trifle*, and be indifferent about: be assured, that nothing but the consciousness of having always endeavoured to please God, can give a person any *just* grounds for courage at the approach of death; and *that* it is which will enable us to encounter it without fear, and to lay down in the grave with the same calm composure, as we recline ourselves on our beds to take our night's repose.

Then pray, Sir, said *Charles*, do you suppose *Mr. Milo* would have more dislike to dying than he says he should? for you know, he very often declares, he wishes he was dead: and the last time he was here, if you remember, he said, he had as *lief* die as take a pinch of snuff; and much *rather* than be obliged to wear his hair dressed, for he should look upon that as a daily misery; but dying would soon be over. Yes! I remember he talked in a strange absurd manner, replied *Mr. Rotchford*, which by no mean increased my opinion either of his *good morals* or his *understanding*; for by his conversation upon that subject, I could not but conclude, that he was rather defective in both; since no *wise* man, I am sure, would have permitted his tongue to run on in such a ridiculous strain; and no *good* man, I should think, could suppose that wearing his hair dressed, was either a *misery*, or of much *importance*: so that to confess the truth *Charles*, judging by *Mr. Milo's* conversation, I do not consider him as a very respectable character. And as for his boasting perpetually of not *fearing death*, and *wishing to die*,

and being willing to give his *life* to rescue Miss *Plumb's* lap-dogs, and such sort of chat; it is all downright *nonsense*, no more worthy of attention than the chatter of a magpie, or a parrot; nor will it ever lead a person of any discernment, to believe him in the least better prepared for death, than those, who do not make such a continual vaunting on the subject.

Mr. *Thesfor*, in my opinion, discovers much more magnanimity of soul in his conduct, though you never hear him talking in that light manner upon serious subjects; nor does he on the other hand betray any signs of *fear* at the apprehension of death; and, to all appearance, he has several times been much nearer to it than Mr. *Milo*. In how generous a manner did he hazard his life that night when the two houses were burned down at *Belford*. Pray how, papa? enquired Miss *Kitty*, I do not remember any thing about it! I perfectly well recollect the *fire*; but what did Mr. *Thesfor* do? The fire, returned Mr. *Rotchford*, had been burning a considerable time before it was discovered, and when, at length, the families were alarmed, it was with the greatest difficulty that any of them escaped: at Mr. *Brigbr's*, two children who were lodging there for the benefit of the air, were left up stairs by themselves (their maid having made her escape without them;) and would undoubtedly have perished in the flames, had not Mr. *Thesfor*, who was there assisting the unhappy sufferers, happened to hear them cry; and enquiring, If any person was still left in the house? he was informed, that there were two children

children in bed upstairs; but, added the person who was talking to him, it is impossible to save them, the stairs being already in flames; and the front of the room in which they are, is on fire, so that no ladder can be placed against it; their maid is come down without them, and they, poor things, must be lost. But not without some attempt to save them, replied Mr. Thayer, so rushing through the smoke and flames, he ran to their apartment, guided to it by the sound of their screams. When he got there, the smoke was so thick he could not directly discover them; and the fire raged in some part with such violence, that even then he thought he must return without them, or, if he continued a moment longer perish with them. Yet, though he was in such imminent danger, he resolved to make another attempt to cross to that part of the room, where, from their cries he supposed they were, and, if possible, preserve their lives. This, he with the utmost difficulty effected; and taking one in each of his arms, returned again to the stairs, which were then so much burnt, that on his stepping upon one of them it fell in, and down he and the two children plunged into the midst of flames and rubbish. Happily, however, he was not so hurt, but that he immediately recovered himself and got up, and again taking the children (one of whom had dropped from him in his fall,) he passed as quick as possible through the fire, and once more found himself in safety, though not without being very much burnt in several places; nor had he left the house two minutes, he

fore it all fell down together, so that had he then been in it, he must have been crushed to pieces.

Pray, papa, enquired *Harriet*, were the children boys or girls? and how big were they? One of them was a boy about four years old, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, and the other a girl of eleven months. But I was going to observe, *Charles*, that such behaviour was a much more convincing proof of *true* courage, and being above the fear of death, than all Mr. *Milo's* nonsensical chatter upon the subject. And the quiet, resigned manner in which Mr. *Thebster* has since supported a most painful and dangerous illness, is an undoubted sign that he considers death in its *true* and *proper* light; as an event of the utmost *importance* to man, by putting a total stop to his present state of life, and introducing him to *immortality*: an immortality of *happiness* and *glory*, if he has lead a virtuous and a holy life. Therefore, confident in his own integrity, Mr. *Thebster* (trusting to the mercy and goodness of God,) has no cause to be *afraid to die*, though he knows it to be an event far too *important* to be made a subject of laughter, or furnish witticisms for common conversation. But come, my dears, let us go in doors, it is almost time that you should go to bed: besides, I am afraid, I shall tire you with my serious discourse, and this evening I find myself so little disposed for any other, that I believe I had better leave you, for I should be sorry to render my conversation tedious or disagreeable to you.

Indeed, Sir, we are not at all tired of what you say, exclaimed *Charles*; at least I can answer for myself.

And

And so can I, said *Sophia*: and I too, said *Mary*. And so can I too, I am sure, said *Kitty*; for I am quite in a grave mood; the disappointment I received, by seeing my dear squirrel in that nasty condition, when I expected that he would look as well as when we buried him; and then the thoughts of poor *George's* arm being cut off, which I am sure is a very sad thing, make me altogether feel quite grave, and I do not wish at all to go to play, but like very much to hear you talk about being good, and dying, and those sort of things. Do not you, *Harriot*? Yes, replied *Harriot*, gaping; I like it very well; but I am so sleepy, that I think, as my papa says, it is almost time to go to bed. So I will go to *Betty*, and desire her to undress me. Good night, papa! I am not at all tired of hearing you talk grave. May I go into *George's* room and wish my mamma good night? No! no! my love, replied her father, you must not do that; give me a kiss for her, and I will carry to her your good wishes. And tell *George* I wish him a good night too, rejoined *Harriot*, and hope he will not have any more arms cut off to-morrow. Good night, *Kitty*! good night *Charles*! *Sophia*, *Mary*, and all of you! And so saying, she walked in doors, whither all the rest of the party soon followed.

Mr. *Rotchford*, after wishing them all a good night, went into *George's* room; and found him more easy and composed than could possibly have been expected after so severe an operation. He also passed a tolerably quiet night, and slept more than he had done for some preceding ones. His surgeons, when they saw him in the

morning, congratulated his parents upon his being in so good a way, declaring that he appeared in every respect, as well as the nature of the case could possibly admit of. But it would be tedious to relate particularly each day's gradual amendment; it is sufficient to say, that he improved daily, and in as short a time as could be supposed, was able to go about again and join in the diversions of his brother and sisters.

But here I must not pass by unnoticed, the uncommon attention which they all paid to him, and the care and tenderness which they discovered, to prevent his meeting with any fresh accident. Mr. *Soft* had cautioned him to be very careful not to fall, or heedlessly run against any thing, as a blow upon the remaining part of his arm, might be attended with very bad consequences. His brother and sisters were also told this, and desired to take care upon no account to run against him, or let him fall into any danger whilst at play. They promised to be very observant of this order, and indeed they amply fulfilled their word; for, so far from carelessly endangering him, they never permitted him to walk by himself; but either *Sophia*, *Mary*, or *Charles*, constantly held him by his hand, and refused joining any sport in which it would be improper for him to engage.

Mary, who, notwithstanding all her mother had said to endeavour to comfort her, still considering herself as the cause of his misfortune, was peculiarly attentive to all his inclinations and wants, and spent the whole of her time that could be spared from her own daily improvements,

provements, in cutting out cards, painting, reading to him, telling him stories, and using every method she could devise, to amuse and entertain him. Her money, also, she laid out to purchase toys for him; and in short, her whole pursuit appeared to be to express her affection towards him, and her concern for the part she had acted, in pulling up the coach-glass at the time he wanted it to be down.

It is a pity that a good motive should ever be attended with evil; but unless people are careful to let *prudence* direct their actions, it will frequently be found to be the case. And poor *Mary* was an instance, how much an excessive zeal for what is really right, may betray us into error and sin, unless we at the same time are careful to govern our *own* passions by the strictest laws of moderation and reason.

One day, soon after *George* was getting about, they had a large party of young folk to play with them. *George* earnestly requested to join them, which his mamma at first refused, being fearful he might by some mean or other be hurt. But upon *Mary's* promising to take care of him, and not leave him for a moment, she at length consented; and he, greatly delighted, went into the room where they were all assembled. He wished much to make one at their sports, and join in whatever game they were engaged; but his sister would not suffer him to run into any danger, and very kindly forbore entering into any herself, that she might guard, and attend him. Much was she solicited by all her companions to join

them; but she refused all their invitations, saying, she could not possibly leave her brother. Then let your brother come too said one! That he *must* not, she replied, lest he should be hurt. Then let him sit and *look* at us. But pray *you* come, said another. Whilst a third exclaimed, I never saw any thing so ridiculous in all my life! All our party is to be spoiled for the sake of that little *brat*! Turn him out of the room, and let him go to his *nurse*, since he wants so much care, and must be watched like a mouse! No, indeed, I shall *not* turn him out of the room, replied *Mary*. You need not mind *me*! suppose I was not here, you could all play without me; and so *make believe* I am nobody, and I dare to say, you will be able to find some game that will do just as well without me as with me. But should not you *like* to come? enquired one. Yes, *very much*, replied she, and so would poor *George* too, but he can not; and as he likes to see you play, I shall not make him go away, I promise you. So as I said before, *pray* do not mind us; fancy we are only two *posts* or *pictures*, and go on with your play.

Well, if you *will not* play, replied the other, you must let it alone, I think; but I am sure it is very ridiculous that that *child* is to prevent your coming amongst us! At that rate, you might as well have had your *own* arms, or legs chopped off, if you may make no use of them, because he cannot use his. They then returned to their diversions for some little time; but so often interrupted themselves to debate the matter, whether she ought, or ought not to join them, that at last

Sophia

Sophia and *Charles* persuaded *George* to go into the other room, where likewise, *Mary* promised to accompany him, and make him a nice card coach, if he would be contented and not want to return.

After they had for a good while been busy in this employment, (*George* very well entertained, watching the progress of his coach, and *Mary*, kindly contented in amusing him) one of the children from the other parlour, *Jack Biggs* by name, a boy about ten years old, came running in to hide himself; and crawling under the table by which they were sitting, whisked down many of the cards, pins, and little pieces of stick they were using. O dear! only see what you have done, *Jack!* exclaimed *George*; I wish you would keep away! I wish so too indeed, said *Mary*, for you have done us a great deal of mischief! Pray come out, for some of the cards are under you. I cannot help that, replied he; I shall sit *snug* here, and they will not see me when they come to look for me; there is a whole pack of *bounds* after me, and they will all come in presently. I hope not, resumed *Mary*, so do go and look for some other hiding-place, there is a good boy; for you sadly interrupt my business; I cannot go on with my coach-building whilst you sit there.

Pray *Miss*, said he, how do I interrupt your ladyship? What harm do I do you? Why, replied *Mary*, you have thrown down all my treasures, and you sit upon the card I had marked to cut the wheels out of; and that stick you are now snapping is my axletree; in short, you are very troublesome, and *George* and I were much better

Better without you. *Hang George*, and *you* too, replied he in an angry voice, what an abominable racket you make about your trumpery. I should not have thought of girls talking about *axletrees*, when they do not know the difference between an *axletree* and a *linchpin*. But, perhaps, girls may not be quite so ignorant as you suppose, rejoined *Mary*: not that I will contend for my skill in coach-building. You, Sir, may employ some other maker, if you please, when you set up your carriage; but as this little gentleman has bespoke one of me, do give me leave to finish it; and so pray do not break any more of those sticks, and give me the card you sit upon. O! *here it is!* cried *George*, stooping down to pick it from under the flap of *Jack's* coat: *here it is!* I see it peeping its little nose out. But you have not got it yet, Sir! said *Jack*, nor *shall* have it either, I promise you; and giving him a push at the same time, threw him down, and he fell on his right side. He immediately screamed out that his arm was hurt: to which the other brutally replied, *That I am sure must be a lie; for on the side you fell you had none.*

Poor *Mary* jumped up frightened almost out of her senses, and in the height of her resentment, gave *Jack Biggs* a very severe box on the ear; which he disdainingly to accept from the hand of a lady, returned it immediately with interest. *Mary*, who had no inclination to enter into combat; without paying any regard to the blow she had received, went directly to her brother's assistance, who crying exceedingly, complained much
of

of his arm being hurt; she, therefore, very prudently was going to lead him to his mamma; but *Jack Biggs*, fearful of receiving blame for the part he had acted, placed himself before the door, and declared they should not pass by him. Do not, said *Mary*, in a positive tone of voice, pretend to talk in that ridiculous manner, for I am determined I *will* go. Ho! ho! *will* you so Miss, resumed he, I wonder how you will manage it, for I say you *shall* not. But, I say, I *will*, replied she, I am *resolved* I will! and you shall not keep me! So let us come by directly, or— Or *what?* pray, madam, enquired he; what is your threat to be, if you speak out? Will you *cry* if I do not let you go by, like your brother *Georgy* there? No! But I will make *you* cry, said she, if you do not let us out. I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself to behave so cruelly to this poor little fellow. How should *you* like, if you had met with the same misfortune to be thrown down upon so sore a place, and then prevented from getting relief? How should *you* like it, I say? I really cannot say how I should like it, replied he, in an insulting tone of voice, I never had any *sumps* to fall upon; when I have, I will inform you; but at present, I cannot tell how folk find themselves affected upon such occasions. How is it *Georgy*, ha? said he, taking hold of his right shoulder, and moving it backwards and forwards in a very rough manner; how is it I say? how does *sumpy* feel? how does it do? does one half of it keep alive like a worm after the other end is cut off?

Mary,

Mary, exasperated by this behaviour to her brother, beyond all patience, forgetful of the meekness becoming a young lady's behaviour, ran to him, and with her utmost violence, gave him a blow upon the hand with which he held her brother's arm, that immediately obliged him to quit it; and turning towards her, he resented the attack with not less violence than she began it. Poor *Mary*, who had never lifted her hand against any one, unless it was her doll; though somewhat older and taller than her antagonist; yet you may easily suppose, was but an unequal match against a rude school boy, whose disposition appeared not to be one of the most placable and forgiving. However, she resolutely maintained the combat, till *George*, who made his escape when he found the door unguarded, told his history to *Charles*, and sent him in, attended by half a dozen of his playmates, to her assistance, amongst whom were the three *Tyson*s.

Joe entered the room first, and stopping short, lifted up his hands and eyes with an air of astonishment, exclaiming, Well! if ever I beheld the like to this in all *my* life! Walk in, gentlemen and ladies, and see (imitating the voice and manner of those who stand at the door to invite passengers to see wild beasts at a fair) *walk in! walk in!* and see the strangest sight you ever beheld in your lives! Here, gentlemen and ladies, you may see a combat carried on with great spirit, between two furious animals! *Charles Rotchford* pushing by, and going up to *Jack Biggs*, took hold of his hands, and rescued his sister, whilst

whilst all voices were loud in their censures upon his *cowardice* for fighting with a *girl*.

What upon earth then would you have me do? enquired *Jack*. If you would not *fight* with a *girl*, would you stand like a tame fool to be *beat* by one? and I declare she began the attack, and gave me the first blow: and any *girl* in the kingdom that does that, shall find I understand *boxing* as well as she does; so gentlemen, I disclaim your charge of *cowardice* for fighting with a *girl*; or rather with a *tygr*ess you should say, or a *mad cat*, for she claws and scratches worse than a *fury*. However you may clear yourself from the imputation of *cowardice*, in fighting with *me*, said *Mary*, in a resolute tone, how will you justify yourself for *throwing down*, *insulting*, and *hurting* a poor little defenceless boy, with only *one* arm, and then not permitting him to get any assistance? How will you justify yourself for not letting us go out of the room, after you had *burt* him? And it was necessary some thing should be put to his arm to prevent its growing worse; and this is what you *know* you have done! I did not throw him down for the *purpose*, said he. You *did*! replied *Mary*. But whether you did or *not*, it was on *purpose* that you would not let us pass by, and go out at the door. And on *purpose* you shook about his arm, *insultingly* calling it his *stumpy*! And if such behaviour is not *daftardly* and *cowardly* to the height, I do not know what is; but I have always heard that *ungenerous* and *cruel* dispositions are no better than *poltroons*.

Nobly

Nobly said, upon my honor! (exclaimed *James Tyson*, as he passed by him in going out of the room the moment she ceased speaking;) and I do think that you deserve, *Jack Biggs*, to be tossed in a blanket. Or rather, added *Charles Retchford*, to be foused in the common sewer! I think so too, said *Joe Tyson*; but surely, *Charles*, you do not intend to let him come off so, do you? If you do, I am sure you are as great a coward as he is. What, do you think I would let him insult a sister of mine, and a little one-armed brother at that rate, and not fight him for it? I do not know what you might do, replied *Charles*, but I shall not fight with him, I promise you. I look upon him too much beneath my notice; and by hurting a little child, and fighting with a girl, he has sufficiently shewn what opinion he has of his own prowess. For me therefore to engage with him, would be like his fighting with my sister, upon very unequal terms indeed; and I should be ashamed of myself, was I to be provoked to do it. I am sure you may be ashamed of yourself not to do it, replied *Joe*, and I have a great mind to do it for you; I hate he should get off so.

I am surprised you should be so angry, too *Joe*, said his brother *James*, considering that he has been fighting, no matter with whom, or for what, since the mere act of fighting seems all you ever regard; without in the least considering upon what cause it is grounded, and whether you engage in a good or bad one. I do not know what you may call a good one, replied *Joe*; but I should think, if any body insulted my sister, he deserves

served to be thrashed; and if I had a little top-sided brother with one half of him stolen away, I should think any body who hurt the remainder, gave me very sufficient provocation to break every bone in his skin if I could; but you and *Charles Rotchford* are so wonderful wise, you never find any matter of importance enough to fight about; the real truth, I believe, is, that you are both cowards, and afraid of getting a black eye.

Not I indeed! said *Charles*, I should not care for having a dozen black eyes upon any occasion that was worth it, or where I could do any good: and if it will afford you any satisfaction, you may give me one now, if you please, I will stand still to receive it, and convince you that I am not at all afraid of a blow, be it as hard as it will; though I do not intend fighting with this *Biggs*, who is in my opinion, unworthy being permitted to fight on a level with me, after having chose to engage with a girl, and an infant. Well then, if you are determined to do nothing, said *Joe Tyson*, do let us go to play again, for it is but poor sport to stand still and debate. I hate words, as much as I like action, so come along, I say! Do let us set about something better than this. With all my heart, replied *Charles*, but first let us expel this gentleman, for he is a disgrace to all who converse with him: and so, if you please, Mr. *Biggs*, you may march home, for I declare you shall not stay here! I will conduct you to the door, Sir! Be so good as to walk this way! Which *Jack Biggs* refusing, he put his hands upon his shoulders, and pushed

pushed *Jack* before him to the house door, and shutting it against him exclaimed, Go along you *mean spirited dastardly cur*, and learn more humanity before you presume to enter this house again!

Then *Charles* returned to his other companions, and they all passed the rest of the day very amicably and agreeably. In the mean time, Miss *Mary* and little *George* went up stairs to their mamma, who, after having examined the bruise upon *George's* arm, expressed her astonishment at seeing *Mary* in so dishevelled a condition. *Mary* endeavoured to justify herself by urging, that it was in her brother's defence she engaged in fighting, said she could not *bear* to see him insulted, and used in so ungenerous a manner, and, added rather warmly, I will fight again, whoever dares to do so, when I am with him, *that* I will.

Hush, my dear, said her mamma, do not talk in that manner, I beg of you. I do not at all wonder that you were offended by the brutal conduct of Master *Biggs*; but you let your zeal for your brother transport you rather too far, when you express yourself in that warm unguarded strain. Consider, my love, what you say! consider your own *character*! and remember, that though greatly offended, a young lady is not to suffer herself to be provoked to blows. For *boys* to quarrel and fight, is bad enough; but for *girls* to act with such violence, is quite shocking indeed. Nothing can be said to justify one girl's fighting with another, but to engage with a boy is not only wrong, but also ridiculous; as they can always conquer, being much stronger
and

and expert at that exercise. But, Madam, rejoined Mary, what would you wish me to have done? Ought I, when I was staying with George on purpose to take care of him, to see him hurt, and insulted for his misfortune, without trying to defend him? I only wanted to get him out of the room; and if Master Biggs would have let us pass him, I am sure I had no inclination to fight: but indeed, mamma, I could not endure to see the poor little boy's arm so roughly shook, after having hurt it with the fall; and, besides that, inhumanly sneered at, without using some methods to make him leave off: and when he began to attack me, I knew it would give George an opportunity of making his escape, and I would sooner be battered to pieces than see him used so.

Your motive, my dear girl, replied Mrs. Rotchford, was a good one, and I highly commend your love towards your brother, whose misfortunes indeed claim compassion from every body, but in a peculiar manner call for tenderness and care from his brothers and sisters. I do not, therefore, my love, blame you for your desire of assisting George, or defending him from every insult; but for the *method* you took to do so. Had you been in an uninhabited place, with no one near to assist you, you then might have been excused for engaging Biggs yourself, whilst your brother made his escape. But situated as you were, what but being too much transported with anger could induce you to attempt fighting, when you might have procured help in a much shorter time by only pulling the bell; and

if *Jack* was standing at the door to prevent your passing him, he could not at the same time hinder your doing that. That to be sure is very true, said *Mary*, but I never thought of it any more than if the bell had not been there. I was so exceedingly vexed and provoked, I scarce knew what I did. *That*, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, is the very point I was speaking about; and I wished to shew you the impropriety of suffering yourself to be so overcome by resentment, as to lose the power of recollecting what is the proper method for you to behave in, and how you may best act to procure what you desire to obtain. Thus, in every instance through life, those people who will not attend to the calm voice of *reason*, will always by their own petulance defeat the very end they want to accomplish; and instead of punishing their adversaries, only expose themselves to contempt and shame.

No one, my dear *Mary*, should ever suffer themselves to be put in a *passion* upon any account whatever. Not to feel ourselves displeased, and angry sometimes with the ill behaviour of others, is *impossible*: but we should be always careful to keep such a strict watch over our tempers, as never to permit ourselves to say or do things without considering the consequences, merely because we are *provoked*. Accustom yourself therefore, my love, upon *all* occasions to maintain the command of your own passions; for if you cannot regulate them, how ridiculous is it to expect to have any influence over others! If you cannot govern your *own* temper, how can you hope to direct that of another?

another? If you found yourself so exceedingly *wexed* and *provoked*, that you could not recollect there was a bell which you might ring for assistance, can you be surprised that *Jack Biggs* did not stop to consider the impropriety of *his* behaviour to your brother? Or, if you so far forgot the gentleness necessary to the character of a young lady, as to strike *him*, can you wonder that *he* should return your blow with violence, or put you into that tattered, dishevelled condition, in which you now appear? Thus, you see, you have made yourself partaker of his crime, instead of preserving that perfect innocence upon the occasion, which you might and *ought* to have done. And so it will always be with those who suffer themselves to be provoked beyond the bounds of *right* and *reason*. However *good* the *cause* may be, in which they engage; still, if they pursue it with *heat* of *temper*, and *passion*; they will certainly bring themselves into disgrace, and when they come to reflect on what has past, feel both *ashamed* and *sorry* for the part they have acted. Nor will that be all; for commonly the *mischief* done in a passion, does not all subside with the fury which occasioned it; but its fatal consequences may last long after the parties are both restored to calmness and repentance for the folly they before discovered. Thus, in the transaction that has happened to day, though your *battle* is now over, yet the *effects* are far from being so. You not only interrupted the pleasure and harmony of all the party who were assembled to pass the day in cheerful amusement; but have caused a quarrel be-

tween your brother and *Biggs*: and who can pretend to say how soon they may be reconciled, or whether his father and mother may not take part with him, and blame your papa and me for suffering him to be used so roughly in our house. Only, likewise, take a view of your own dress, though I do not mean to say your *clothes* are of any *very great* importance, yet the tattered condition in which they now are, may serve to convince you, that the *effects* of ungoverned anger may continue longer than the anger itself, as they are torn and spoiled in such a manner, as to be no more fit for you to wear. And so, frequently, most material mischiefs, and the ruin sometimes of whole families, proceed from words and deeds, spoken and done in a passion.

When people, through illness of body are so unhappy as to lose their reason, and therefore not know how to govern themselves; they are always put into confinement, and have proper people set over them to watch and attend them, that they may neither do harm to themselves or others: and those persons, who, through the impetuosity of their tempers, refuse to be *governed by reason*, are in fact, for the time their passion lasts, as mad as the others, and as little regard what is right and fit to be done: only there is this difference between them; those who have really lost their senses *cannot help* it, but are very much to be pitied, and deserve not blame for any rash act they may commit; whereas those, who, through their *passion*, destroy their reason, *might help* it if they would;

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and

and therefore are accountable for all the evil and mischief they do: nor will it be any excuse to say, I was in a *passion*; for one sin can in no degree take away the evil from another.

Mr. *Lycaon* (who you know was hanged about two months ago for killing his grandson) endeavoured to justify himself by this argument, and pleaded, that when he thrashed him he was in *such a passion* that he did not *consider* what he was about; but had no intention of killing him. Most likely he might *not*, but then he ought to have governed his own temper in a better manner; and not because he was displeased, permit his anger to get to such a height, as to deprive him of the use of his reason! What can possibly excuse any one for behaving in so sad a way? Suppose, that being in a passion could excuse a person, which it *cannot*, for murdering another; still, what excuse *could* be made for the passion *itself*, which is a very great and forbidden sin? Guard against it, therefore, my love, with the greatest precaution, and on no account ever permit yourself to be so discomposed, as not to know or attend to what you say and do. If ever you find yourself beginning to be warm, instantly restrain both your *words* and *actions*, till you have given yourself time to reflect on what *ought* to be done, and how you can best act agreeable to the laws of God, and that *reason* he hath lent you.

Had Mr. *Lycaon* observed this *one* rule; and when first he felt himself provoked by the behaviour of his grandson, given himself time to check his own impetu-

tuosity, and consider what chastisement would have been most proper for the fault he had committed, instead of inconsiderately snatching up his thick walking-stick, and beating him till he died; what a load of remorse, misery, and shame, would he have saved himself! and what sorrow, distress, and ignominy have spared his family! Only consider, my *Mary*, how dreadful must be his sufferings, when his *passion* cooled, his *reason* returned, and he reflected on what he had done! Think, with what *horror*, *shame*, and *confusion* he must appear before his daughter; conscious that he was the *murderer* of her son! And what language can describe *her* feelings, when she beheld the hands of her *own* father, stained with the blood of her child! A father too, who though greatly defective in the regulation of his temper (never having taken proper pains to subdue his angry passions,) yet, in many respects, was deserving of esteem; had always shewn the tenderest affection towards his family, and in general, treated them with such indulgence and care, that they loved him with the utmost sincerity. How great then, must have been their affliction, to see him, after having nourished and brought them up, put to a shameful death by the hands of justice, and suffer the most ignominious punishment that is ever in this happy country inflicted on the greatest offenders! What a dishonor does it reflect on all his family! What a direful disgrace, to be the offspring of a man who was *hanged*! But still worse than all this, must be the sorrow which he and they felt, at the thought, that the crime for which

which

which he suffered in *this* world, was such as must likewise expose him to the severe wrath of God. "Thou shalt do no murder," you know is one of the Lord's positive commands; and that we "Put away all wrath and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, with all malice; and be *kind* and tender-hearted one to another," is also the command of God. If therefore, we disobey these precepts, and instead of being *meek* and *gentle*, are *overbearing* and *violent*; if instead of endeavouring to *save* the lives of our fellow creatures, we absolutely *kill* them: what can we expect but the severity of God's anger for such great offences! such transgressions of his holy laws? For though God is a very kind and merciful Being, yet he hath declared, That all sin is deserving of punishment; and those who will not obey his commands in this world, shall be punished in the world that is to come. A sincere and hearty repentance for any fault we have been guilty of, with a firm resolution not to commit the same again, are the only means by which we can procure the forgiveness of God, or have any hope to obtain his mercy. But when our crimes are of such a nature, that the laws of the land render it necessary as examples to others, that we would be put to death, how can we then prove that our repentance is sincere, when we have no opportunity to amend?

Mr. *Lycaon*, when he beheld the dreadful consequences of his fury, was, no doubt, greatly afflicted, and sincerely sorry he had not taken proper care to check his passion, and regulate his temper, before it

hurried him to the commission of so horrible a crime, But who can pretend to be certain, that had he lived longer, he would not upon the next provocation again have flown into a rage, as he had so frequently done before? How great then must be the affliction of all his friends! so *unknowing* as they must be, whether God has accepted of his repentance, and forgiven his transgressions.

From hence, my love, you may learn, the necessity of acquiring in the days of your youth, an absolute control over your temper; that you may be able, under every provocation you meet with, to preserve a calm moderation; and to your worst enemy, *return an answer with meekness*, agreeable to the dictates of reason, and the precepts of that holy religion you profess. Had Mr. *Lycaon*, when a child, been taught to subdue his passions, and made to consider the sad consequences of immoderate anger; he might still have been possessed of every enjoyment this world can afford, and surrounded by his family, have beheld them all happy and blessed. Instead of which, into how terrible and untimely a death has his violence plunged him! and into what distress and contempt, brought his children and friends! But go, my dear *Mary*, I by no mean wish to detain you from your playfellows, to listen to my serious admonitions: we can renew this important subject another time, when you have not so many young folk ready to amuse you as are now, I dare say, wishing for your company below stairs.

O! replied *Mary*, I dare say, they can do very well without me; and I do not feel in the least inclinable

clinable for play. I had much rather, if you will give me leave, sit and talk to you, madam, for I do not like to go down: the boys, I am afraid, will laugh at me, for fighting; and the girls, not knowing how much I was frightened about *George*, will say I was very rude to do so. Therefore *pray*, madam, let me stay with you. I was just going to ask you what *crime* Master *Arcas* had been guilty of, that made his grand papa so angry with him?

I must say, replied Mrs. *Roschford*, he was a very naughty boy, and certainly deserved *chastisement*, though not to be *murdered* for his offence. The case was this. Mr. *Lycaon*, who was very particular about his fruit, and had some remarkable fine peach-trees in his garden, had given strict orders that no one should gather them besides himself and the gardener: and knowing *Harry Arcas* to be very fond of them, charged him, on no account, to touch them, adding, if he did, he should certainly be punished. *Harry* listened very gravely to his grandfather's prohibition, and appeared as if he intended to observe it; but, in the afternoon of the same day, he was caught gathering some of those very peaches which he had been ordered not to touch. This you must allow was very naughty, and Mr. *Lycaon* severely blamed him for his conduct; but omitted to put his threat of *punishment* into execution: and only again repeated, that he certainly *should* suffer the next time. But having escaped so easily once, he flattered himself that he might always do so; and therefore, in a day

day or two, was again found gathering more of the peaches.

His grandfather, upon this second offence, gave him two or three strokes with his horse-whip, tied his hands behind him, brought him in doors, and confined him the rest of the evening, talked to him in a very angry tone, and once more threatened still greater severity, if he should presume to trespass in the same manner again.

Harry appeared to be very sorry for his offence, and promised to repeat it no more. But, as Mr. Lycorn was getting up the next morning, the first person he saw was his grandson mounted upon a watering-pot, and filling his pockets with peaches from the same forbidden tree. This audacious repetition of the crime enraged him beyond all bounds, and without waiting a moment to reflect what punishment would be most proper for such obstinacy and falsehood, he ran down stairs, and taking up his walking-stick, which stood in the hall, through which he passed, went directly to the boy, and seizing him by the left hand to prevent his escape, thrashed him with all the violence he could inflict; totally regardless of his outcries, or the very improper weapon he was using for the purpose. The boy, at last, unable to support it longer, fell senseless on the ground, stunned by a blow upon his head. But Mr. Lycorn was so much exasperated, and his passion so violent, that he still continued his stripes, unmindful where they fell; till the gardener, by chance, coming that way, saw how he was engaged; and by force dragged

dragged him from the child, and wrested the stick from his hands; at the same time, shocked with the sight he beheld, he screamed *murder!* which soon brought more of the family to his assistance. They then carried *Harry* into the house, undressed, and put him to bed, and sent for a surgeon; but, though he was alive when the surgeon first came to him, yet poor *Harry* was too far gone to receive any assistance, and expired whilst they were examining the blows which his grandfather had given him.

Such, my love, were the dismal effects of *ungoverned passion* in *Mr. Lycan*, and of the shameful *breach of honor* and *perverseness* in his grandson. I hope, therefore, that it will teach you and me, and all who hear the sad account, to be very careful of our own conduct; lest we should also suffer ourselves to be provoked, and hurried on by our resentment, to commit some fatal action. The fate of *Harry Arcas* should instruct us, that although guilt may chance sometimes to escape unpunished, still at the last it will certainly bring those who practice it to ruin.

In conversation of this kind, and making observations of the great superiority that *virtuous* and *mild* dispositions, have even in *this* world, over the *wicked* and *violent*; *Mrs. Rotchford* and *Miss Mary* passed the rest of the evening, till the young visitors were all gone home, and *Mr. Rotchford*, and his other children joined them. Your humble servant, ladies! said *Mr. Rotchford*, bowing and smiling as he entered the room. Pray, may I presume to enquire what has been your
subject

subject for the last two hours, for I have been writing in my study, and heard you very earnest in conversation? I do not believe your tongues have been silent a single moment! I do not think they have many moments indeed, replied Mrs. Rotchford, we have been deeply engaged; and Mary has honoured my discourse with so much attention, that she even preferred my company to the party of young folk who were playing below stairs. Our subject, if you wish to know it, has not been a very *pleasing*, though certainly a most *important* one. I have been endeavouring to represent the necessity of learning to regulate our tempers, and subduing our anger upon all occasions, before it transports us into *rage* and *violence*; lest it should at last hurry us into the like fatal effects that Mr. Lycaon was guilty of.

An *important* subject indeed, rejoined Mr. Rotchford, and one that can never be too often considered; since human nature is so subject to fall into that error, when, disregarding the dictates of *reason*, we behave more like wild beasts than men; or at least like men beside ourselves, and in a state of insanity. But some people, Sir, said Charles, you know cannot *help* it, but are *passionate by nature*! The whole family of the Achman's, for example, how prodigiously warm they are! Tom told me one day, that he *could not help* it, for his father and mother, and all of them were so. Tom, replied Mr. Rotchford, might very probably tell you so; but that by no means proved the *truth* of his assertion. That some people may feel greater *propensity*

city to passion than others, I will not pretend to deny: for most undoubtedly, our *dispositions*, no more than our *constitutions*, are all formed alike. One person, upon being offended, may feel a strong inclination to return the injury; whilst another, with a more happy temper of mind, may disregard it as beneath his notice. One man, when offered an abuse, will immediately fly into a rage, and seek instantly to revenge it; whilst another, with *fallen anger*, will continue to brood over it in his mind, till an opportunity presents itself, in which he thinks he can return as great a damage, without endangering himself. But though people's different dispositions may thus prompt them to express their anger in different methods, still no one is *obliged*, or under a fatal necessity to transgress in any way: on the contrary, it is in every person's *power*, and is the absolute *duty* of each individual, to *conquer* his *evil* dispositions, and regulate his temper according to the laws of God. For persons therefore, to say they are passionate, and cannot help it, is ridiculous, and can by no mean excuse the baseness of their conduct. The robber might as well plead, that he has a great desire for the wealth of another, and therefore cannot help stealing it. Whilst the drunkard and glutton, might with equal reason, urge the *violence* of their respective appetites, as an excuse for their excess. And thus, every vice might be justified, if the *inclination* to practice them could possibly be their excuse.

God, my dear children, hath given rules proper for u. to observe, in order to our becoming holy, just, and

and good : rules, which every body has *power* to observe, and which we all *must* obey, if we wish to gain the approbation and blessing of the Almighty. It is therefore to no purpose to say, we cannot *help* our crimes; for we certainly may avoid them, if we will but *resolutely endeavour* so to do. And in no respect is it more necessary for us to keep a constant guard over ourselves, and gain the mastery of our inclinations, than with regard to our *tempers*. Yet there is scarce any thing which people in general are more apt to neglect, as if they thought it matter of small consequence, how they conducted themselves in the daily course of their lives.

I have known many people, who would not upon any account, do a *dishonest* action, nor injure their fellow creatures, either in their *bodies* or *estates*; who yet would not scruple, by their *unkind* and *cross* behaviour, to give them the greatest uneasiness in their minds : as if they thought there was no crime in making people *wretched*, provided they did not *rob* or *maim* them. But be assured, my dears, this is a *great* mistake ! The same Divine Power which said, “ Thou shalt do no *murder*.” “ Thou shalt not *steal*,” said also, “ Be ye *kind* and *tender-hearted* one towards another. *Love* as *brethren*, be *pitiful*, be *courteous*; not rendering *evil* for *evil*, or *railing* for *railing*; but contrariwise, *blessing*.” And whosoever transgresseth any of these precepts, as effectually disobey the law of God; as he, who by craft or violence, takes from his neighbour his money, or his goods. How it comes to pass

pass that people so frequently seem to forget this, I cannot imagine. But however that may be, certain it is, that *their* neglect will in no degree excuse *our* faults. We are not to follow a multitude to do evil: that is, though others do wrong, we must not comply with their ill example. And though the regulation of the *temper* is too much neglected by the generality of the world, and mankind are frequently either *mild* or *furious*, *forgiving* or *vindictive*, *placid* or *petulent* and *fretful*, according as they *feel* themselves inclined, without any great *exertion* or *care* to render themselves affable to those they converse with, or pleasing in the sight of God; yet we may assure ourselves, that such conduct is highly culpable: and the time will come, when the Almighty Father of mankind, shall call us to a severe account for this our criminal neglect. Let me then, my beloved children, prevail upon you, to consider it with all the seriousness that a matter of such great importance requires: how necessary it is for you to acquire an *affability* and *gentleness* of manners, and to regulate your *tempers*, as well as every other pursuit, by the pure, benevolent precepts of the gospel of *Jesus*.

The importance of governing our temper is greater than I can express, or you at present imagine. But from the little experience you have hitherto had in the world, I am sure you must have seen and *felt*, that *good humour* is so conducive to happiness, that no one can enjoy it who is *sullen*, *fretful* or *morose*. If ever any of you have suffered yourselves to be querulous and

and peevish; for the time you were so, you must be sensible you banished all enjoyment from your bosoms; and wishing to interrupt the pleasure of another, you totally destroyed your *own*. This, believe me, in every stage of life, you will always find to be the case; our Almighty Creator having so constituted our natures, that we cannot be *morose, petulant, and unkind* to others, without at the same time interrupting our *own* tranquility. We cannot disturb their happiness and preserve our own unmolested; the dart with which we meant to destroy them, will recoil back and deeply wound our own bosoms.

That petulence of temper, for which the *Ashman's*, whom you just now mentioned are so remarkable—how totally does it rob them of all enjoyment, and render their lives one continued scene of strife and wretchedness! Snarling and quarreling with all around them, they spend their time in perpetual uproar: every little disappointment or unpleasing circumstance, is sufficient to disconcert the harmony of their minds for the rest of the day, and prepare them to be angry with whoever approaches them. Their own tempers thus ruffled, every thing appears in a displeasing point of view. As a person sick with the jaundice, beholds every object of a yellow hue, so a discomposed angry *mind*, considers every event as intending to add to his vexations, and every word that is uttered, spoken only with a design to offend. Equally guilty of the same violence of temper, Mr. and Mrs. *Ashman* mutually torment and punish each other; and if the one can unmoved de-

destroy the others happiness, neither has much right to complain of the evil they suffer, nor any great claim upon our pity and compassion for their *self-created* wretchedness. But alas! they confine not the *venom*, as I may justly call it, of their tempers to themselves alone; their children, their servants, their dependents, their relations, their neighbours, and in short every body with whom they have any connection, share in some degree, the unhappiness that ever follows from *ill humour* and *passion*. Their children are indeed peculiarly to be pitied, because they are not only doomed to suffer the effects of their violent anger and rage upon every, even the smallest inadvertency; but still worse, they, inheriting the tempers of their parents, have no proper methods taken with them to check their impetuosity, but added to their own inclination to be angry, have the *example* of their parents, to justify in *their* opinion the sad sinful habit.

Was it possible for a person to live alone, quite unconnected with society; even then, for his *own* sake, he should cultivate a mild and patient temper, as the best mean of promoting his happiness, by diffusing a sweet peace and serenity over his mind. But situated as we are, encompassed with relations, friends, servants, and neighbours, connected on all sides with some of the human race; and scarcely speaking a word, or performing an action, but that must tend either to increase or diminish their comfort; how are we bound by the strongest tie of *duty* and *humanity*, to make it our constant endeavour to promote as much as possible, the

satisfaction and peace of those with whom we are so united. And the more acquaintance we have, and the wider our connections and influence extend, so much the more and greater are our obligations to kindness and benevolence. As the more people we by a contrary behaviour make uncomfortable, the *more* shall we have to answer for, and the *greater* is our *crime*. For this reason, *Charles*, though it is not my intention to exclude you, my *girls*, from what I say, as it is the duty of *every* one to cultivate a good disposition; yet, as the authority by custom is placed in the *man's* hand; and the *master* and *father* of a family has the chief command over his household, I would wish you, I say, *Charles*, to consider yourself from your youth, as one to be *intrusted* as it were with the happiness of numbers; and therefore, *peculiarly* bound to regulate your *own* temper; lest by any errors in it you should destroy the comfort of those with whom you are connected, and over whom you rule.

I know it is frequently thought, that the *master* of a family may act just as he pleases, and stands accountable to none for his conduct. But have we not all one Great Master in Heaven, who ruleth over all, and to whom we must render an account for every *word* and action? Besides, what *meanness* of spirit, and what an *ungenerous* soul, must that man possess, who because he has it in his *power*, will therefore destroy the comfort of those, whom for that *very* reason, he ought to cherish and protect? Must not that breast be more savage than the beasts of the field, who could either

hurt or treat roughly a little helpless infant intrusted to its care? Would not its *defenceless weakness* be a *claim* upon our humanity, to protect and nourish it? And should we not behave with more gentleness towards it, than to a man robust and hardy like ourselves? So my dear boy, would I wish you at all times to consider yourself not superior to any one, either in *strength* or *fortune*, merely for the sake of indulging more *crimes* than they can practice; but if indulgent Heaven bestows superior talents, know, that it is for you to exert them in the service of those who have them not. If you are blessed with money, let the poor and destitute feel the effects in your liberality towards them. If your learning, sense, and understanding are superior, consider from whose bounty you enjoy that superiority, and use it not to *mock*, *deride*, and *confound* the ignorant, but to edify and comfort them. Let it not tempt you to despise them (for it was not your *own* hand that made you to differ from them) but shew your superior abilities by superior *goodness*; and let the *generosity*, *candor*, *benevolence*, and *fortitude* of you behaviour, prove that you have not received such mighty blessings in vain.

If in bodily strength you excel, as doubtless you will the female sex, let not that make you, *coward* like, behave with less *kindness*, *generosity*, or *respect*, than you would to one you esteemed every way your equal; but look upon yourself as commissioned by Providence to be the *defender* of the *weak*; the *guide* and *instructor* of the *ignorant*; the *reliever* of the *poor*, and in one word,

the friend of human kind. So acting, my boy, you will indeed prove yourself to be in the language of the poet,

“ *The noblest work of God* ”

POPE.

And need not fear, that your *dignity* will be diminished by your affability, or that gentleness and mildness of conduct, will rob you of respect. If indeed respect consists in *fear*, and an *awful restraint* in your company, you may not by a courteous behaviour acquire such solemn homage. But how savage must the mind of that man be, who can take pleasure in being *fear'd*, instead of *belov'd* by those about him.

To wish to be esteemed and respected by all, is a laudable ambition; and it is a duty we owe ourselves to endeavour to preserve our characters free from any stain. But of this we may be assured, that how much soever our *rank*, our *wealth*, or our *authority*, may procure the *outward* complaisance and submission of the multitude, nothing can engage their *esteem* and sincere *respect*, but *virtue* and *benevolence* of temper: for though we may bend and pay homage before the throne of a *tyrant*; in our hearts we can love and reverence no one who is not the *father*, as well as *governor* of his people!

Pray Sir, interrupted *Sophia*, why do you address yourself particularly to my brother? Is not *kindness* and *good humour* as requisite for girls and women, as for boys and men? Undoubtedly my love! replied Mr. *Rotchford*; I know not the being upon earth whose
character

character can be amiable without it. Men and women too may certainly possess many and great qualities; but if they are defective in *candor* and *good temper*, they never can be objects of our love, or persons whom we can select for our bosom friends. When therefore, I addressed myself to your brother, as I before told you, I by no mean intended to exclude you; but was aware of a notion which has too frequently crept into boys heads, that *goodness of temper* is a virtue too *feminine* for them to cultivate, or bestow any attention upon; and I wished *Charles* to consider the prodigious importance of rightly governing his disposition, if ever he hopes to be happy himself or make others so: and that was my reason, *Sophia*, for principally directing my discourse to him. But pray do not on that account, think yourself less bound to practice even to the utmost extent, that pliability which I have been recommending; for even the base *custom of the world* will not excuse a woman for want of gentleness. Do not, however, mistake me, or suppose when I thus warmly recommend *good humour* and *mildness* of manners; that I would be understood to advise that *weakness* of temper, which complies with *every body*, and *every thing*, without considering whether it is *proper* to do so or not. This is so far from being an amiable quality, that on the contrary it is downright *folly*, which nothing but deficiency in the understanding can excuse; *resolution* being as necessary to conduct us with propriety through life, as any other qualification whatever. Although therefore, we should accustom ourselves to give up our own wills to the in-

clination of others, and endeavour to conform ourselves as much as possible to their wishes in things of indifference; yet, if they solicit us to an *improper* action, we are on no account to comply. *Complaisance*, and the *kind desire to please*, must then give way to *duty*; and *resolution* must exert her power to prevent us from yielding to evil.

Pray, papa, enquired *Kitty*, what do you call things of indifference that we ought to give up to others? *Every* thing, my dear, replied her father, that is not important; that is, every thing which may innocently, and without any harm be complied with. For instance, *Kitty*: when Miss *East* had a peculiar fancy to play at *hide-and-seek*, her companion, if *properly good-natured*, would certainly have complied with her, though she herself rather wished to *tefs* the ball instead of hiding it: neither would she have seated herself in the corner of the room, declaring she would not *then* play at all. And yet, believe me, *had* she complied, she would have felt herself much happier in playing at *hide-and-seek* than in sullenly sitting and pouting in the corner. But, Sir, said *Kitty*, colouring as she spoke, there was no more reason that I should give up playing at ball, than that she should give up *hide-and-seek*; and I am sure ball is much the most entertaining play!

That is in *your* opinion, my dear, rejoined Mr. *Rotchford*; for it appears as if Miss *East* thought *hide-and-seek*, as you call it, the most amusing. But I will not take upon me to pronounce which of the games is

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best. I should suppose *that* entirely depended upon the taste of the parties engaged. But this I know, the girl who was the *most good humoured*, and the *best disposed*, would be the one, who would *first* submit to the inclination of her companion. Miss *East* would no more give up to me than I would to her! said *Kitty*. Then, resumed her father, Miss *East* and you were *both* to blame, both deficient in good manners, and both far from being kind or good natured. But when the other day, *Tom Blot* solicited your brother to mount with him upon Mr. *Spruce's* coach-box, and to drive it away whilst the man was gone into the house, he acted quite right to refuse complying with his request; because it was what ought *not* to be done, and might have been attended with bad consequences. *Charles* therefore, behaved quite right upon the occasion; and I hope will, all through life, have too much resolution ever to comply with the desires of others, when they wish to engage him in improper pursuits; and too much politeness, and good humour ever to refuse, when his own inclination is the *only* sacrifice.

I am glad, Sir, said *Charles*, that you think *I* did right not to go: I scarcely knew how to act, for *Tom* was so prodigiously earnest about it, and appeared much displeased with me for refusing; but I thought it not only seemed to be very dangerous, as we neither of us understood much of driving, but might very likely bring the coachman into a scrape in case any accident should happen; for then perhaps his master might have been angry with him for leaving the horses. Indeed that

was the reason why *Tom Blot* wanted to drive off; for he said, *John* deserved to be punished for going into the house, and leaving the carriage and horses alone.

As for that, resumed *Mr. Rotchford*, though I think the man ought not to have left them, still it certainly neither belonged to *Tom* or to you to punish him for his neglect; and it would have been a strange method of shewing his disapprobation of another's fault, by being guilty of a *greater* himself. It never, therefore, could be supposed he had any other intention in wishing to drive away the coach, except his own love of mischief, and desire to make the coachman uneasy, if upon his return he had not found it.

But pray, Sir, enquired *Charles*, where were you when *Tom* and I were talking about it? I did not see you; and I cannot think in what corner you could be hid to see us! Indeed, by boy, replied *Mr. Rotchford*, patting *Charles* upon the head as he spoke, I was not *hid* any where; but believe me I often spend my time in observing the conduct of you and your sisters, when you are neither thinking of me, nor supposing I see you. Perhaps *Kitty* did not think I saw her when she disputed with *Miss East* on the important subject of *hide-and-seek*; but I heard all that passed, and was sorry to find my little girl so soon discomposed. Well! I cannot think how you manage to know all that happens, exclaimed *Kitty*, I am sure you must come and listen at the door; and I think, Sir, you have said, it is very *wrong* to listen at doors to what people are saying. Aye! very wrong indeed, my love, replied her father,

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it is a degree of meanness I should blush to be thought guilty of; and I promise you I made use of no such mean to become acquainted with the dispute held between you and Miss *East*. But when people once engage eagerly in argument, they seldom continue to speak very low; but *both* striving to be heard, try to *out-noise* each other, without regarding who in the house, or scarcely in the parish, may happen to hear them. I was in my own study, I assure you, when I distinctly heard the whole of your debate. But come, my dear children, we must not sit chattering thus all night, I am sure it is time for you to go to bed. Do not you recollect, *Charles*, you are engaged to set off with me early to-morrow morning to visit Mr. *Norris*? And if you do not go to bed, I shall be to wait for you in the morning till you have finished your nap. But seriously, I shall not do that! You know what time our horses are ordered, and I shall be punctual. I dare say, Sir, said *Charles*, that I shall be ready. I shall wake fifty times between this and morning, for I always do when I am to rise soon to go any where: but, however, since you are grown tired of us, I wish you a very good night; and remember, Sir, and do *you* be ready, for fear I should gallop off and leave you behind. Go along, you saucy boy! said his father, giving him a pat upon his cheek, go to bed and learn to behave more respectfully to your father, or I shall *trim* you if you do not. Well, give me a kiss then, Sir, and I will go, said he, looking up and smiling as he spoke. A *kiss!* repeated Mr. *Rotchford*, what! do you think I shall kiss such a
great

great fellow as you ? No, no *Charles*, you are rather too big to be *kissed* ! Go and salute your mother, if you please ; but I think I shall not kiss that great broad face to-night. Then *I* will kiss a still broader, said he, springing up, and clasping his arms round his father's neck. Now, Sir, will you kiss me ? If you do not, I will hold you so, till it is time to mount our horses to go to Mr. *Norris's*. So, Sir, will you kiss my great face, or do you chuse rather to be held tight by my great arms ? For one or other must be your fate, I promise you. O ! aye ! I will kiss you, exclaimed his father, or bite you, or do any thing to get rid of you ; so *there ! there !* said he, kissing him, go along, and let me see no more of you all night ! And now, Madam, said *Charles*, turning to his mother, will you be so kind as to honor me with a salute in a more gentle manner ? Or *else*, Madam, I am sadly afraid I shall discompose those nice curls that hang by your neck, and perhaps rumple your handkerchief, and tear your apron ; and that you will not like. No, that I shall not indeed, my dear, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, so I promise you I will honor you with as many kisses as you please, rather than have my head pulled as you did your father's. *Charles* then saluted his mother, and wished her good night ; and clasping one arm round *Sophia's*, and the other round *Mary's* waist, he hurried them out of the room, calling to *Kitty* to shut the door as she came out ; For, said he, I must conduct these two ladies safe to their chamber, and have no hand at leisure to shut doors.

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When they were gone, Mr. and Mrs. *Rotchford* observed to each other the pleasing satisfaction it afforded them, to behold their children all so affectionate and kind to each other. The care and expence of so large a family, said Mr. *Rotchford*, is undoubtedly very great, and those who have no children can form no idea of the constant state of anxiety and solicitude a parent's heart endures, for the welfare of its offspring: neither can they tell the joys we experience, when we behold them good, and attentive to the voice of instruction, with tempers gentle and persuasive, willing to assist, and desirous of pleasing all their fellow-creatures. And such, I am happy to say, appears to be the case with our beloved children. *Kitty* is at present, I think, rather sooner disconcerted than any of the rest; but she does not want for sense. I therefore flatter myself, that she will consider the advice given her upon that subject; and by reflecting upon the great importance of proper government of temper, learn to overcome every little tendency which she may at any time feel within her bosom, to petulence or unkindness. *Charles*, I think, appears possessed of a nobleness of spirit that gives me exquisite delight to behold, as it is joined to a humanity and affability of manners, that will ever direct it to the best of purposes, and preserve him from degenerating into that ferocity of conduct, which too often is the attendant upon constitutional bravery, and great vivacity of spirits; and which, instead of exalting, actually degrades human nature, to a level with the wild beast of the forest.

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In such kind of interesting conversation, and planning proper methods of conduct towards their children, Mr. and Mrs. *Rotchford* passed the remainder of the evening, till they retired to rest; from which they were early awakened in the morning by *Charles*: who, knocking at the door called out, Are you up, Sir? The horses are almost ready, and you know you made a bargain with them, that they should not wait for you a moment at the gate! Mr. *Rotchford* obeyed the summons of his son, and at the time appointed, they set off to visit Mr. *Norris*.

They had not got above two miles from the house, before they met a negroe boy about twelve years old, crying most pitiously; and upon their slackening their pace to observe him, he clasped his hands together in a supplicating manner, and falling on his knees in the road before their horses, exclaimed, O! masters! masters! help me! indeed me *very* hungry! me *very* sick! and this head, (putting his hand to his forehead) go *thump, thump, thump* so, me fear it will tumble off. Poor fellow! said *Charles*, whilst tears stood in his eyes, who do you belong to? what is the matter with you? where are you going? O! master! replied the boy, me go no where! me no where to go! but me *very* sick and hungry. But to whom do you belong? enquired Mr. *Rotchford*, what is the name of your master? Who brought you to *England*? Captain *Midas*, answered the boy, bring me from my own country in the ship, to be foot-boy to my mistress; but my mistress do not love black boy; me brake her best tea-pot, and
 throw

throw the butter over her gown : so my master sell me to my new master *Chromis* ; he very cruel, and make me carry *great big* load upon my back, much bigger than me could. So me tumble down, and then my master whip me, and call me lazy *black dog*, and give me no bit to eat, for one, two days, because he say me lazy. Indeed, master, me not *help* it ; me not strong enough. But master *Chromis* said he *make* me strong, so he *was* whip me sadly, and shut me in the cold, with the coals, because me *black* they not dirt me. When he let me out, me so very hungry, me take a cold chicken from the top shelf, and eat it. So mistress cook see me, and beat me with the toasting-fork, and tell me mistress ; but she very good, said poor *Pompy* hungry, and no beat me. But mistress cook tell my master, and he kick me down stairs, so my teeth tumble out, look master (said he holding open his lips) see where they one-time stand ; and me knock my head too when me come to the bottom, so me not work at all, but sick, and sick every day ; so me master say me lazy *black dog*, and whip me to make me work ; but me not able ; *indeed* me not able. Then me try to run away ; but me be found ; and when me brought back, me master tie my leg to a tree, and beat me sadly, the blood run down upon the ground ; and me there naked all night ; and me *so cold* ! me shake so ! O ! me did so wish to die before it light ! But me did not ; so me wanted to go again ; and one day, when me very hungry, master send me ask mistress to change guinea, so me carry him some of the money
mistress

mistress give me, and put the rest in my own pocket, to buy something to eat. But master find me out, and call me *black* thief, and beat me with his horse-whip, and take away all my clothes and kick me down the steps, and say me might go be starve, he keep no such black devil longer. So me quite naked, and quite hungry; but coachman gave me this waistcoat and breeches, and two halfpennys to buy some bread. But now the monies be gone, me have nothing left to buy more; me be very hungry! very sick! very cold! Me do not know where to go! nobody take me in; and me have no house, no one thing to eat! Me eat nothing for one, two days! Yes, the berries upon the hedge; but me *so* sick! I am sorry for it, said Mr. Rotchford, but I cannot help it; you ought not to have robbed your master; I have nothing for you; come, *Charles*, we shall be too late. Sir! said *Charles*, looking stedfastly at his father, with a voice of astonishment: Sir! are you going to leave this poor boy without doing something for him? What can I do with him, my dear? he replied, I do not want a black boy; besides, by his own account, he has been dishonest, and robbed his master. Yes, Sir, rejoined *Charles*, eagerly, but it is by his *own confession* you are informed that he has done so; and I am sure the account of his sufferings, is enough to move ones compassion. If he *did* steal, it was to satisfy his *hunger*; and I dare say, he has never been informed that it is wicked to do so. Poor soul! see how he cries! See how he shakes with cold! I cannot *indeed*, Sir! I cannot,

not, said he, bursting into tears, go on and leave him in this wretched, friendless, starving state, without in some way or other assisting him! Then follow, my dear boy, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, whilst his eye sparkled with satisfaction, follow the direction of your own heart. Believe me, I have no intention of so inhumanly leaving him to perish; but I wished to hear your sentiments upon the subject. Then let us, said *Charles*, return back and carry him home; he has no where to go, he says; and if you give him money, he will not know how to spend it properly, or what to do when it is gone; let us take him home, and employ him in some proper work, or till he can go to his parents. Have you any father or mother, little boy? said he, turning to the boy. O! master! master! replied he, me have good mother in my own country; she not like me to leave her; she hold me round the neck, and I hold tight by her neck: but the white mans beat our hands, and make us let go: then one white man keep her fast, and t'other white man drive me along to the ship, and put me in; and master *Midas*, the Captain, bring me to here and sell me to me master *Chromis*. So me never see me mother now: me love her; she love too. O! she so scream when white man took me from her; then he beat her, and beat me—white men are *bad* men! You have had reason to think so, indeed, poor boy! said Mrs. *Rotchford*; but though some are bad, *all* are not so: perhaps you may find kinder treatment from some white men than you expect. Pray, Sir, said *Charles*, let us take him
him

him home. Well! replied Mr. *Rotchford*, you shall, if you desire it; but I must go on to Mr. *Norris's*, for my business with him can not be put off. You may, therefore, return, and see this poor fellow fed, and find some old clothes for him, and take care of him till I return, which I will do as soon as I can in the evening. Yes, Sir! yes, Sir! said *Charles*, panting with joy and eagerness. Come then, *Pompey*, if that is your name, come with me, and you shall soon have something to eat. He then set off upon a full trot, forgetting that *Pompey* was on foot, and could not keep up with him: at length, recollecting himself, and looking behind him, he saw *Pompey* running as fast as he could, at some distance. Poor fellow! said he to himself, I never considered that he might be tired; then turning his horse, and going up to him, he enquired if he was tired? Yes indeed, master, replied the boy, me much tired; me two feet very fore. Dear! why did not you tell me so before, said he, jumping off his horse, there, get upon the horse; I will walk by you; I wish I had thought of desiring you to ride sooner. Me get upon the beast! said the boy; no, no, master! me no get upon the beast; me cannot make such great beast move; me walk; but me fear to get up so high. O! you need not be afraid, replied *Charles*, he is very gentle, and I will lead you; pray get up, it will rest your feet, and we have a good way to go still. The boy again refused, but after a good deal of persuasion, he consented to get behind *Charles*, and holding him tight round his waist, lest he should slip off; they again

set forward, and were not long before they reached home. Mrs. *Rotchford*, who was standing at the window, was surprised to see *Charles* return; but still more at the appearance of his miserable companion: nor was her astonishment decreased at her son's walking up the court-yard, and telling the black boy to follow him. She was going out to enquire the cause of his speedy return, just as he opened the door, and introduced little ragged *Pompey*. My dear, said she, what has brought you so soon back? Has any accident happened? Where is your father? and who is this? No accident, returned *Charles*; nothing, madam, is the matter, so do not be alarmed; only we met this poor little starved negro, and my father gave me leave to bring him back to feed and clothe him, and keep him till his return. Poor fellow! you cannot think what distress he is in, and how cruelly he has been used! Then, without waiting for his mother's reply, he went out of the room; and presently after returned with a large slice of bread and meat, and a mug of beer.

The poor boy ran to him at the sight of it, and snatching it out of his hand, devoured it with that eagerness which nothing but extreme hunger could have caused, not staying to chew, but swallowing it by mouthfuls; and the beer he drank all off at one draught; whilst Mrs. *Rotchford*, *Charles*, and his sisters stood in silent astonishment, to behold him. *Charles* would willingly have fetched him some more, but his mamma prevented him, saying, she was sure he had better not eat more at once, as so large a quantity

would probably disagree with him. She then again enquired who he was? and where he came from? To which *Charles* replied by repeating the account which he had just heard from him. *Poor, poor fellow!* said *Mary*, whilst the tears trickled fast down her cheeks; I am glad you and my papa happened to meet him! I hope, said *Sophia*, he may continue here; or at least that my papa will be able to send him back to his mother. He may have my old clothes that *Tom Jones* was to have had, may he not, madam? enquired *Charles*. Certainly! replied *Mrs. Rotchford*; let him go into the barn and new dress himself.

I think, said little *George*, he had better first go into the pond and wash himself; for I never saw such a dirty black fellow in all my life; his hands, face, and legs are all as black as a coal! If he is not a chimney-sweeper, I cannot think how he can have made himself in such a nasty condition! O! I suppose he became so when his master shut him up in the coal-hole; but then he might have washed himself afterwards, if he had any clean notions in his head! I am sure, if I had been *Charles*, he should not have got upon my horse till he had cleaned himself a little. My dear boy, said his mother, that blackness is not dirt, it is his natural complexion; no washing in the world will ever make him white. Nobody is *white*, said *George*, but it may make him *flesh-coloured*, and not so *inkey*. But, my dear, resumed *Mrs. Rotchford*, the natural colour of his flesh is *inkey*, as you are pleased to call it. Do you know, that the inhabitants of different parts

parts of the world, are of different complexions; some black, like this boy; some *tawny*, that is, not quite so black; some *copper colour*; others of a paler yellow; none of which can, by washing be brought to what you call *flesh colour*, any more than you could be changed to resemble them. Well then, if that is the case, replied *George*, and he *cannot* become any cleaner, I wish my papa had happened to meet with a *common* coloured boy instead of this, who looks as if he was made of coal; and his mouth sticks out so frightfully, I cannot say I like him much.

O fie, *George*! said his mamma, you surely have more sense, and good nature than to dislike persons upon account of their personal deformities: besides, those particulars which you object to, in his own country are esteemed *beauties* instead of defects; and was you to be carried amongst them, they would look with equal dislike upon your complexion and features as you now do upon this poor boy. What, madam! exclaimed *Kitty*, could any body, do you suppose, think *George's* rosy cheeks, and fair skin, and his pretty little nose and thin lips, half so ugly as that black's, whose stick out in such a *hideous* manner? I do indeed, my dear, suppose it, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*. To us *Europeans*, who have always been accustomed to the sight of fair complexions, and to consider small features, and delicacy of skin, as marks of beauty; the blackness of a negro, and the protuberance of their features, that is, sticking-out mouths, and broad noses, are very far from pleasing. But no doubt, to an
G 2 *African,*

African, who always beholds people of his own *hue*, and is taught to consider the blackest as the most perfect, and the broadest nose, as that which is esteemed the handsomest; to such a one, I say, our whiter complexion, and what we call more delicate shaped features, is no doubt to them as displeasing and *hideous*, as *George* called it, as their blackness and other particularities are to us. But supposing it was otherwise, and this poor boy as displeasing in the sight of his own countrymen as to us, is that any reason why he should not be treated with kindness, or relieved when in distress? For my own part, *George*, I rejoice that your papa found him, and has it in his power to afford him some assistance; and the more, upon account of his colour being such, as exposes him to contempt and barbarity, from many unkind and unthinking people; many of whom seem to imagine, that because a person's complexion differs from their own, and is *black*, therefore, they cannot *feel*: without reflecting, that the tint of the skin affects not the sensibility either of the body or mind; but that the sensations of pain, are equally exquisite in people of all complexions, and of all countries.

O! my children! were you to know the dreadful cruelties that have been inflicted by the *Europeans* upon the poor innocent *Africans*, and inhabitants of *America*, it would make you shudder with horror; nor can a tender heart reflect without anguish, upon that vile practice which is still continued, of buying and selling slaves: as if, the being possessed of money, enjoying many
superior

superior blessings, and having the understanding more enlightened, could possibly give one nation a right over the *lives, liberties, and possessions* of another. Yet such is the *abominable* use, persons, so blessed by Providence have made of their endowments, that they have employed their wealth and superior knowledge, to *enslave* and render *miserable* their fellow creatures; because they happen to be of a different complexion, and are unskilled in science, and the *improved* art of war. But God and nature have given no such authority to any one; nor had Captain *Midas* any more *right* to take this poor boy from his mother, and sell him to Mr. *Chromis*, than has any one to fetch you away from me, and sell you to whoever chuses to become the purchaser. Probably his mother might be a *slave* to Captain *Midas*; but what made her so? He bought her with his *money* of those who had by violence torn her from her own country; and who, therefore, had no more *right* so to dispose of her, than he had to purchase her: which, after he had once done, he considered her and her children to be as much at his disposal, as he would his mare and colt, or any other beast he possessed. But this is a *sad, sad* wicked practice, and I would not be guilty of it for the world: nor should the certainty of any increase of fortune, ever tempt me to engage in a way of life, that required *slaves* to labour for my emolument.

Pray then madam, said *Sophia*, do you look upon Mr. and Mrs. *Bruce*, and Mr. *Fang*, to be wicked people? For you know, that when they were abroad they kept a great many slaves, I believe all Mr. *Fang's* servants

were blacks. They might be blacks, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, and yet possibly not *slaves*; for Mr. *Fang* in common gave them their liberty; I know he did to some, and they served him for wages, the same as other servants, and had it equally in their power to leave him, if they disliked his service. Mr. and Mrs. *Bruce*, I believe, did the same, or if they did not, they treated them with such consideration and kindness, that the yolk of their slavery must have been greatly lightened. I will not, therefore, take upon me to pronounce, Mr. and Mrs. *Bruce*, or Mr. *Fang* to be wicked people; for indeed I believe them to be much otherwise.

In *Jamaica* there are few other servants beside negroes; when, therefore, a number of these unhappy creatures, torn from their kindred and country, were brought to the market to be sold to the best purchaser, the same as horses and cattle are at our markets and fairs; they might buy them with a good intention of preventing their falling into cruel hands, and meeting with unkind treatment; and mean afterwards to give them their freedom, as I believe they have to most of them. We must not, therefore, my dears, presume to condemn every body as wicked, who may be in possession of a negroe, without knowing *how*, or for what *reasons* they are so. We cannot read each other's hearts, or the various motives which actuate the conduct of another; consequently we are very ill qualified to judge them: that office belongs to the Supreme Being, who sees the inmost secrets of all hearts,
with

with much greater perspicuity, that is more *clearly* and *plainly*, than we can their outward actions. He, therefore alone, is the unerring Judge capable of rewarding, or condemning every soul, according to their deserts. Let us then each one take care of ourselves, and on no account commit any action which we think to be blameable, because another does it: perhaps, to them it may appear *innocent*, and then they may be excused for doing it. Or if not, and they are really guilty, their being so will be no mitigation of our fault. Whilst, therefore, I possess that notion of things I do at present, and have been taught to esteem *justice* and *mercy* towards *all* men essential requisites in the character of a christian; I would not, for any worldly consideration, purchase my *fellow creatures* as *slaves*, to labour for my benefit; and, debarring them from every enjoyment of life, use them, as they too frequently are used, like beasts of burden; as if possessed neither of understanding of mind, nor the same feelings of body as ourselves.

Mrs. *Rotchford* was going to proceed with her reflections on the inhumanity of making slaves, when the entrance of *Charles*, and *Pompey* dressed in his new clothes, put a stop to her discourse. How do those clothes fit you, my dear? said Mrs. *Rotchford*, addressing herself kindly to the little negro. O! mistress! mistress! replied he, shaking his head and shrugging up his shoulders as he spoke, these *coats* good for *Pompey*! me never such before! Never mind that, said *Charles*, you shall have them now, however; I wish

my papa would come home to see you ; he will scarcely know you again ; but you want something more to eat by this time, do you not ? He may have some more now, madam, may he not ? looking towards his mother as he spoke. Yes, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, he shall now have a bason full of bread and milk which I think will be better for him than more meat. She then rang the bell, and ordered some to be brought ; which he no sooner saw, than his eyes sparkled with joy, and meeting the servant at the door, he devoured it with little less eagerness than he had done his former repast. *Charles* stood close to him, looking steadfastly in his face, whilst he eat it, and exclaimed as he emptied the bason, What *pleasure* it is to see him eat ! O ! how I wish my father was at home to enjoy it ! I am sure he will rejoice that we met him ! *Pompey*, then patting his stomach with his right hand, whilst he wiped his mouth with the back of his left, advanced towards Mrs. *Rotchford*, and making her an aukward bow, said, Me tank you mistress, for that good eat, and that good drink ; me will love you for be so kind, as much as if you black ; but me do not love all white people ! White people very-bad ! very cross ! very cruel ! Me no love white people. White man it was used to beat all blacks in *Barbadoes* ; white man hang me brother *Tankey* ; white man first beat me mother, then hang poor *Tankey* ; white man too pulled me from my mother, beat her, beat me, put me in ship, bring me to *England* ; and white man kick me down, knock out me teeth, beat me, lock me up with

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coals,

coals, not let me eat, take off my clothes, push me away naked: me no love white mans! But I hope, said *Charles*, though some white men have used you in so bad a manner, you will not for that reason dislike them all: will not you love my father; that gentleman who has let you come to his house, and will take care of you? O! yes, master! master! replied the boy, me love you, love your father, love all these mistresses, (pointing to *Charles's* mother and sisters as he spoke) me love *all* that will not beat me, and starve me; but me no love all white people: they be very cross; white man hang poor *Tankey*. Pray inform me, said *Mrs. Rotchford*, who *Tankey* was? and for what reason he was hung? I suppose he had committed some crime, or he would not have been so severely punished? Tell me the truth what he had done?

Yes, mistress, replied the boy, *Pompey* tell you all the truth about poor *Tankey*; he me brother, so good brother, no better in *Barbadoes*: me not so big as he, by so much, holding his hand a little above his head, to shew the difference in their heights. One day me mother sick, in great pain round her body, so could not work, but sit down; so *Tankey* and me sit down by her, to look at her when she sick. Then white man with whip in his hand, come whip us all to make work: so me get up, *Tankey* get up; but mother could not get up: then he whip her more, and make her go work; but she not stand long, because she so sick; and when white man look away, sit down again, and cry for her pain. But white man soon see her,
and

and whip her back to make her work: the blood came from her back, she scream out loud; me did cry to see, for me *loved* me mother, and so did *Tankey*; he not like to see her beat, because she sick, so he crept softly behind white man, and with the hoe he work with, give him great knock on his head, and broke it; so down he tumble dead. We all shout for joy; but one other white man hear us, and see who done it; so he take poor *Tankey* to master, master tie him up; and more white masters order him to hang to a tree, then whipt and left to die. O! me *never! never!* forget poor *Tankey!* Me hear him crying in my ears now for two days before he die; his back all blood! and he so hungry! O! me *hate* white man! me *hate* white man!

What! exclaimed *Charles*, with a voice, and look of horror, was he hanging for two days before he died? and did no one cut him down? Could not you have got at him to help him? *Me!* master! said *Pompey*, me get at him! No, no, me could not; white man watch him; and any body that go to him, be used like him. How came you to go to *see* him hanged? enquired *Sophia*; I am sure I would have kept at a distance; how *dreadful* it must have been! and to his poor mother too, where was she? O! mistress! resumed the boy, she see him too; we all see him; for he was hung and whipt in master's own plantation, that all slaves see what they be done to, if they strike white man. So me not get out of the sight of poor *Tankey*. O! it make me cold all oyer, when me tink

of

of the cry he made before he die! Me too little; but if me been a man, me *would* cut him down, and kill the white man that put him there, and the white man that made us work close to him while he was scream out with pain.

He deserved it indeed, I think, said Mrs. *Rotchford*; but should not you have been *afraid* of doing that? Besides, do not you know it is very wicked to kill a person. Then why white man kill *Tankey*? enquired the boy. Because, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, he first murdered the overlooker. And serve him right, said *Pompey*, for beat me mother when she sick. If not proper *Tankey* kill white man, white man no should kill *Tankey*. But if white man kill *Tankey*, *Pompey* kill white man, if he can. But then *Pompey* would have been killed too, said *Charles*. Ah! master! master! replied he, shaking his head, me no care for that! *Tankey* gone home and free now; *Tankey* no slave again. But should you have liked to be put to death in the shocking manner in which you say *Tankey* was? enquired Miss *Mary*. Like it mistress! repeated he, like it! no, be sure, me not like it; but me not have what me like. Me not like be put in ship; me not like be beat and kick, and starve; but me not *help* it: and if me once dead me be glad, for then me go home and not be slave.

How does he mean, mamma, that he should go home? said *Mary*, what a strange manner of expressing himself that is! It may appear strange, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, to you, my love, who have been blessed with instruction,
and

and taught that after death, your soul shall, if virtuous, be admitted into glory and happiness in Heaven; but this poor boy, *Mary*, has never been informed of those important truths made known to us in the Holy Scriptures; he has never heard the glad tidings of the Gospel, or been told of the immortality of his soul. He, poor fellow! is ignorant of the mercy and loving kindness of his Creator, nor ever been acquainted with the love, condescension, and compassion, of his Redeemer. That holy religion which *Christ* has taught us, wherein *life* and *immortality* are brought to light, and which assures us that our patient endurance of evil here, shall be greatly rewarded in a life to come; has never been preached to him: it is not, therefore, my dear at all *strange*, or to be wondered at, that he should express himself in different language, or have different notions of the state of his soul after death, from those which we are taught to entertain. And never having been made acquainted with God, and those good things which he has prepared for them that love him, it is not at all *strange* that the highest idea he has formed of happiness, is *rest* from the labour of *slavery*, and quiet enjoyment of a country or *home*, where no inhuman masters shall tyrannise over him: and this is the general received opinion of these poor unhappy negroes, who have never had their minds enlightened by the truths of Christianity. But if this boy should continue any time with us, we shall have an opportunity of rectifying his mistaken notions, and introducing him to the knowledge of One Almighty Creator and Governor of all things; and of

Jesus

Jesus Christ, our Redeemer and teacher of righteousness; and of having him baptised into the christian faith, and become one of the disciples of *Christ*.

O! how I shall enjoy that! said *Charles*, how glad I am that we found him. So am I too, said *George*, if I may be at his christening; *Pompey*, shall not you like to be christened? and be a christian instead of a black? No, no, little master, replied he, me not be christian! me not love christian, they all bad men! me be good, christian beat mother! christian nang poor *Tankey*! christian bring me here! christian beat and starve me! me no christian; me be good! I hope so, said *Mrs. Rotchford*; and you cannot be a christian unless you are good: those cruel, bad people you mention were not christians, *Pompey*; they only called themselves by that name, because it is a good one; and therefore they chose to bear it: but no cruel, unkind, wicked people are christians. When you have been longer with us, and know what good people christians are, I am sure you will love them, and wish to be one too. No mistress, replied he, shaking his head, me never love christians, they bad people. But they are not all bad, said *Charles*, did not you say, you would love my father, and my mother here, who have given you such good victuals and drink; and they are christians, *Pompey*. Me no tink so, said he, they more kind than christians, Me know it, christian white man beat mother, and hang *Tankey*. But if they were, said *Kitty*, you need not dislike all others because they were wicked. Poor fellow! he has reason to dislike the name indeed, rejoined

joined Mrs. Rotchford; and I think, my children, you could not possibly have had a more convincing proof of the *injury* the wickedness of one person does to a whole community, than this now before you: or see how much scandal the crimes of an individual may bring upon a whole body of people. I hope, therefore, it will shew you all, the necessity you lay under of behaving in such a manner, as may reflect honor, instead of disgrace, upon that holy religion of which you profess yourselves members, since you see how much the ill conduct of one, or a few individuals, may prejudice people against the best religion in the world, and even against Omnipotence himself.

Had the christians, whom poor Pompey has been connected with, behaved in any degree suitable to the name they bore; and instead of being *unjust, cruel, and oppressive* (passions all directly *contrary* to the doctrines of *Christ*) made it their business to follow his commands, by being *kind, gentle, and tender-hearted* towards all; had they, instead of inhumanly tearing the poor negroes from their native land, to enrich themselves by their toil and labour, let them undisturbed have continued to enjoy that rest and peace, which God and nature designed them: or had they, when they invaded their country, enlightened their understandings, by instructing them in the knowledge of God, and their Redeemer; and at the same time treated them, like what indeed they are, *brethren and fellow creatures*, created by the same God, susceptible of the same pleasures, the same pains, and equally endowed with souls immortal:

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had they, I say, behaved in this manner towards them, agreeable to the dictates of the religion they *profess*, they would not then have been looked upon with abhorrence; nor would the name of *christian* ever been considered as a mark of *cruelty* and *sin*, as poor *Pompey*, and thousands of his complexion now seem to regard it. Although, therefore, it sounds dreadful in our ears, to hear a person refusing to become a *christian*, because they think all of that religion are *wicked* and *bad*, still the disgrace falls on those, who, by their *behaviour* have *dishonored* their faith; and not on those *ignorant*, *honest* hearts, who, shocked by the appearance of their crimes, refuse to embrace the same religion, lest they should thereby become partakers in their guilt.

Consider then, I say, my children, how *great* must be the sin of those, who by their bad conduct, deter others who are ignorant, from embracing the faith of *Christ*, or give those who are already enemies to the Lord, occasion to blaspheme and deride his holy name, and his power; when they observe the actions of the very people who profess to worship him, defiled with as much guilt as those of savages or heathens could be.

Pride, and an ostentatious regard to the *outward* formalities of religion, is so far from being acceptable to God, that on the contrary, it is highly displeasing to him. But though all *hypocrisy* is forbidden by our Saviour, he commands us to "Let our light so shine before men, that they may see our good works, and glorify our father which is in heaven." That although we are forbidden to put on a greater *appearance* of piety than

than we really possess, for the sake of gaining the praise and approbation of men, who can only see our *outward* actions, and not the wickedness of our hearts; yet are we not to be *ashamed* of the God we worship, or the religion we profess; but be careful to obey all its precepts, and behave upon every occasion as the disciples of *Christ*; carefully governing our lives by the laws he has given us; so that every one may see our conduct to be good and orderly; such as becomes reasonable creatures, and suitable to the dignity of our natures; and be thereby led to *glorify our father which is in heaven*; that is, to entertain honourable opinions of that Almighty Being, whose worshippers they see behave upon all occasions so piously towards him, and so benevolently towards men.

It certainly, said *Charles*, is every body's duty to be good, and behave *right*; but I do not see that one person's acting wrong is any reason why we should either condemn his religion, or reflect upon his God. *Tom Biton* now, I know to be as wicked a fellow as ever lived almost; he strikes his mother, gets tipsey, and is as bad a man, my papa says, as can well be. Yet I do not, for that reason, think the worse of christianity, or suppose that all christians must act as he does.

I should be sorry, my dear, replied *Mrs. Rotchford*, if after the great pains which have been taken with your education, and to instruct you in the principles of religion, you should, for the sake of one, or many bad men, be led to think slightly of it; or for a single moment disrespectfully of your God. No generous

or noble mind, will ever judge hardly of, or condemn any sect or body of men, for the crimes of some few individuals amongst them. And yet we must confess, that sin is of so *odious* a nature, that it cannot but cast disgrace upon all who are connected with it. Thus the crimes of one member of a family frequently bring such dishonor upon the whole, that no person will mention them without contempt; though doubtless many *innocent* ones may reside with them. I know not, I am sure, of any misconduct in *John Biton*, yet from the infamous behaviour of his two brothers, *Tom* and *Cleobis*, I should be unwilling that you, or any one I have a regard for, should form any intimacy with him, because I cannot help feeling fearful, lest he should turn out like his brothers; and yet very probably he may disapprove their conduct as much as we do. How irreparable then is the injury his brothers do him by drawing suspicions upon him, which he may not in the least deserve! And be assured, that in every family, every society, every kingdom, and every country it is the same; the ill effects of one person's crimes are felt in proportion to the size of the community he is connected with. Thus, the injury *Cleobis* and *Tom Biton* do their own family, is *prodigious*; because they are so closely connected with them, and the family so few that they can not, by their utmost exertion, counterbalance the infamy which they draw on them. The dishonor they draw on the *parish* to which they belong, is less severely felt, because divided amongst greater numbers; and there are many more who may prove by their virtues,

that they have no fellowship with them. The disgrace they draw on the *kingdom* in general, for the same reason, is still lessened, and on the whole numerous body of christians throughout the world, it is not in the power of *two* young men to cast disgrace: no wonder, therefore, my love, you who have no connection with them, should not think more slightly of your religion upon their account.

That, madam, returned *Charles*, is what I said; that though every body *ought* to be good, yet their being otherwise can do no great harm to religion in general. Yes, resumed *Mrs. Rotchford*, that is what you said, I know; but you are greatly mistaken. If it was possible for *one* person to continue wicked by himself, religion perhaps would not suffer; and had *Pompey* found but *one* (who called himself a christian) cruel and unkind, he would not (had all the rest been good) have been led to judge so hardly of christianity in general. But, *Charles*, this is far from being the case; no one person lives unconnected from all others; the circle in which he moves is but a *small* one, and in *that* his conduct and example is of *great* importance, to the *world*. In the *kingdom*, the *county*, or even the *parish*, your papa may be but of small consequence, and his behaviour of little weight; but in his own family, to his *wife*, his *children*, and his *servants*, his conduct is of the *utmost* importance, as well as to all his other relations; and among those people with whom he has any dealings or conversation. Governing his family with that true spirit of christianity by which he directs all his

actions;

actions; do we not live possessed of every comfort, and happy as this world will permit any of its inhabitants to be? But only for a moment suppose, if you *can* fancy such an alteration, that instead of his constant kindness and benevolence towards all; instead of at all times addressing you with the mild voice of good humour and affection, he should be morose and selfish, sullen, furious, and vindictive? Instead of being ever ready and desirous to contribute to the peace and satisfaction of his family; considering it as one point of his duty to promote their happiness, he should imperiously demand servile attendance from them; and because he is *master* of the household, disregard the comfort of any of its members, and expect the inclinations of *all* to be sacrificed to *his alone*? If, instead of that constant, cheerful piety which he now shews towards God, and that strict regard which he pays to every religious duty, he was to blaspheme and scoff at his Creator, and indulge himself in drinking, gluttony, and other crimes? If he was to defraud his neighbour, keep back the wages due to his servants, oppress the poor, and with malicious tongue, slander and raise evil reports against others? If, I say, your father was to act in such manner, could any person, do you suppose, under his roof be happy? Would not his conduct lead you to conclude there was not any necessity for *you* to be very good, since he who was your *father*, and consequently ought to be so much wiser, set you so different an example, and took no pains to instruct you in what was right and just? Would not the servants too, who ought

to respect their master, be tempted to think, that they might neglect to perform *their* duties, as well as he might omit to practice *his*? And might not his wife also, either through *fear* of his displeasure, or *blinded* by partiality, be tempted to practice his crimes, and thereby become partaker in his guilt? Thus might the wickedness of one person spread through, and poison the hearts of a whole family: nor believe me, would it stop there: a *family*, no more than a single *person*, can subsist by *itself*, unconnected with many others; every branch of it is therefore of *importance*, as every branch of it is acquainted with numbers of other people, all of whom may be influenced by bad example.

If you recollect, Dr. *Watts* says in one of his little poems, "One sickly sheep infects the flock; and poisons all the rest." He makes use of this simile to convince his young readers of the danger of evil company; and nothing can be more just than the remark: for as those distempers to which sheep are liable, are known to spread very quickly amongst them, so that a whole flock will soon catch the contagion from only one that is diseased; in like manner, the contagion of wickedness spreads with inconceivable rapidity, and by daily *seeing* vice in others, people come at last to *practice* it themselves: *they* again, give the like ill example to more, who will also find many to copy after them. Thus vice defuses itself like a flood over the land, and no man can pretend to say, where the evil (which was begun at first, by only one person) may stop; or to how

remote

remote ages it may spread its baneful influence. Of such great, such mighty importance therefore is it, that every individual upon earth should look diligently to himself, and guard his *own* heart, lest he should not only himself fall into evil, but draw after him many others, by the force of his ill example.

When people, who pretend to profess the religion of *Christ*, act wickedly, you cannot wonder that those who are ignorant of its real importance and value, either through want of education, or from being born in a heathen land; you cannot, I say, wonder that they should form but a bad idea of that religion, whose members they beheld so corrupt. Thus guilty beyond all expression are they, who boast of having *Christ* for their master, and yet live in direct opposition to his laws.

But though every wicked person is a disgrace to his family, and the community to which he belongs; and will undoubtedly, by his bad conduct, lead many people to judge hardly of them for his sake, still I should be very sorry that any of you, my children, should give way to this method of reasoning; and because you see some individuals guilty, should therefore conclude, that *all* with whom they are connected, must be so likewise. It is an *unmanly, ungenerous* way of proceeding, and the sure sign of a *mean* and *narrow* spirit, to condemn whole bodies of people for the crimes of some few particular persons. Thus Mr. Safe enveighs with the greatest violence against *all* physicians, because he unfortunately has known *one or two* dishonest men of

that profession; by them he judges of the rest, and condemns them all as *selfish, mercenary* wretches, who enrich themselves by hurting the constitutions of their fellow creatures. But how *unkind, how unjust, how wicked* a method of deciding is this! And how little would he himself like to be suspected as a dishonest trader, because many merchants have proved themselves to be so; and yet, such is the way in which he judges of his fellow creatures. Nor is he the only person guilty of this species of *injustice*; too many there are who not reflecting how *they* would like to be so treated themselves, condemn numbers where one only is deserving of blame.

In how shameful and unmannerly a way did Mr. *Croft* the other day abuse and condemn the whole body of clergymen as so many hypocrites; because *some*, out of the prodigious number there are of that profession, have indeed been such. All those he could recollect, who had behaved misbecoming their sacred function, he readily enumerated, and with malicious pleasure recorded their names and defects; but those, who by their piety and many godlike virtues have been, and are, blessings to society, and an honor to humanity, *these* he omitted to mention, and only basely ranked them upon the same level with the undeserving and wicked.

What! exclaimed *Charles*, eagerly, would he call my uncle *George Rotchford*, or Mr. *Chryses*, *wicked* and *bad* men, because they are *clergymen*? Or would Mr. *Safe*, said *Sophia*, call Dr. *Balm*, and Dr. *Milampus* and Mr. *Soft*, and Mr. *Steel*, bad men, because they

are

the physicians and surgeons? for I believe they are all very good men, do not you, madam? Indeed, my dear, I do, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*; and to form an ill opinion of them, because Dr. *Leach* and Mr. *Buflis* may be mercenary, and care not how much their patients suffer, provided they can but be paid for their attendance, is as unjust as it would be to punish your brother for any fault his school-fellows may commit; or to hang your papa because he was brought up to the same business as Mr. *Scyron*, who so treacherously broke open his friend's escutcheon, and robbed him of the bank-notes which it contained. But unjust and detestable as is this method of judging, you will meet with many who are guilty of it; who even carry their mean prejudices so far, as to condemn not only whole bodies and professions of men, but also whole nations and countries. So far does Mr. *Groft* carry his want of charity (for I can call it by no better name) towards his fellow creatures, that to hear him talk, one must suppose that there was not an honest man to be found any where out of *England*, and scarcely indeed in it, if not of his own business and county. He appears by his conversation to think every part of the globe, except the small spot he resides on, inhabited by rogues, cowards, knaves, fools, and hypocrites; not considering, that in every nation, every county, every parish, and amongst all ranks and professions of men, there are many to be found who are possessed of noble, honest, and virtuous souls, who would scorn to commit a base action towards their fellow creatures, or be guilty of the smallest im-

piety towards their God. And, whoever supposes otherwise, discovers a *bitterness* of mind, and want of *charity*, which may indeed claim our *pity*, but must forfeit all our *esteem*.

Mrs. *Rotchford's* discourse was here abruptly broken off, by *Pompey's* falling suddenly on the floor, and as he was falling, he struck his face with violence against the corner of a table. Mrs. *Rotchford*, was deeply engaged in counselling her children, whilst they were attentively listening to her advice; they, therefore, had none of them observed that *Pompey*, to whom much the greatest part of the discourse had been unintelligible, had dozed as he stood, and were not a little astonished to hear him fall down amongst them. At first, Mrs. *Rotchford* was fearful that he had been in a fit, not in the least suspecting the real cause; but he soon eased her of that apprehension, for getting up, and putting his hand to his cheek, which streamed with blood, he called out; O! me! O! me! me brake me face in me sleep!

What, were you asleep, *Pompey*? said *Charles*. Yes, master, replied he; mistress talk, and talk so long, me go to sleep, for me not know what she say. But O! me face so bad! me not know what to do, it hurt so much! Poor fellow! said Mrs. *Rotchford*, I am sorry I talked so long as to occasion you this mischance! but I will put something to your face, *Pompey*, that I hope will cure it, and soon make it better, I dare say. She then very tenderly bound it up with such application as she thought would heal it; and *Pompey*, though the wound

wound was really a deep one, and very much bruised, made not the least word of complaint during the time of its dressing. As soon as it was done, he nodded his head, saying, Thank you, mistress, you be very good, me will love you white woman. *Harriot* and *George*, were not a little astonished to see the blood which flowed from the wound, of the same colour as that which on any accident came from their own fingers, or cheeks. Pray, mamma, said *George*, with an air of surprise, could you have supposed that that *inkey* looking boy would have had such red blood? Did not you expect to see it look like ink or mud? I am sure I did; did not you, mamma?

I cannot say that I did, replied *Mrs. Rotchford*, because I *knew* that it was not so; and that the colour of the blood has nothing to do with the outside complexion. Do you suppose, *George*, the blood of your papa's horse, and that of *Charles's*, would be very different, because one is black and the other white; or if those two, and my boy, were all to be blooded, should you expect to find three different shades according to the colour of their hair? I do not know, said *George*, how I should expect that; I have not thought about it yet; but I know I never could have expected to see red blood come from that *black boy*. I dare say, my papa will be surprised when he hears it; I will keep a little bit of the rag it dropped upon to shew him; for I am sure he will be astonished; do not you think he will, *Harriot*, when he sees it? Yes, I should suppose so, replied *Harriot*, only, perhaps, as well as my mamma, he

he may *know* before this time, that black people have red blood. Do you think he does, mamma? O! yes, my love, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, I do not in the least doubt his being acquainted with that; so *George* need not trouble himself to save a bit of dirty rag for the sake of his seeing it, as it will not to him appear any thing wonderful. Well but, said *George*, as you cannot be *quite* sure, and *certain*, and *positive*, that he has ever seen a black boy's blood, I think I had better keep a little to shew him in *case* he should not, for I am sure I never saw any before, and so may be, he has not. He then took a little piece of the rag with which he had wiped *Pompey's* face, and desired his mamma to put it in her work-bag till his papa returned; which she objecting to do, saying, she thought it too dirty to put in her bag, he stuck it up with a pin against the door; for as that was black, he said, he was sure it could not dirt or do any harm to it.

From this moment, *George* grew very impatient for the arrival of his father, that he might have the pleasure of shewing him what he esteemed so strange a phenomenon: nor was *Charles* less desirous of his return, to relate to him all that *Pompey* had told them, and that he might see how happy he appeared, now he had had some victuals and drink, and was so comfortably clothed. Mr. *Rotchford*, however, did not return till past eight in the evening; when he entered the room where they were all sitting, and *wishing* for his company. The moment they saw him, they flew to him with that glow of affection, which all dutiful children, blessed

bleſſed with ſo kind and good a parent, muſt naturally feel after every little ſeparation. Whilſt, on his part, he ſaluted them with that cheerful good humour, and tendernels, which conſtantly accompanied all his words and actions, and rendered him ſo deſervedly dear to his family. Nor did he forget to pay kind attention to poor *Pompey*, whom his humanity had ſo happily relieved; but going to him, and taking hold of his hand, thus accoſted him; Well, little fellow, how do you find yourſelf? Are you more comfortable than when I laſt ſaw you? Have you had any food? for you then complained much of hunger. I ſee you are clothed, and I *hope* you are happy. But what, ſaid he, looking at his face, what is all this bandage for? Have you met with any accident? He has tumbled down, and cut his face, and got *red* blood, exclaimed *George*, before *Pompey* could answer; and fetching the rag to his father, hallowed out in a loud voice, Look, papa! look papa! could you have ſuppoſed ſuch a thing?

Mr. *Rotchford* paid no farther attention to him than gently putting him back with his hand, whilſt he again enquired of *Pompey* the reaſon of his face being bound up. O! maſter! maſter! ſaid he, me go ſleep, and ſo me fall down, and brake hole in me face; but me not mind that; miſtreſs ſays it will be well; and me have eat ſo much; and ſo warm in this coat! O! me will love you white people in this houſe, you all ſo good. But they are all *chriſtians*, ſaid *Charles*. Then me will love *chriſtians* too, replied *Pompey*; O!

me so happy, so warm, so no sick ; me will stay here with you, master ; me never go away more. O ! I do not know what to say to that ! answered Mr. *Rotchford*. In the first place, I have no right to keep you, you belong to Mr. *Chromis* ; and he may punish me for detaining you from him. In the next place, you may not be a good boy ; by your own confession you have been guilty of dishonesty ; and, for ought I know to the contrary, you may likewise be a liar, idle, and mischievous : besides this, I have a great many children of my own, and do not at all wish for a little black boy to add to their number ; so that I would not have you expect to continue always with me. You shall stay here to-night, and to-morrow I will write to Mr. *Chromis* to inform him where you are, and to enquire, if the account you give of yourself is true. Yes sure, master, it is, said *Pompey*, bursting into tears, *sure me say all true*. Then falling on his knees, and lifting his hands in a supplicating manner, he continued, Pray, pray master, not give me back to Master *Chromis* ! Me can not go ! Master *Chromis* *bad white man* ; beat me ; no give me victuals ; put me in the coals ; beat me again ; kick me ; knock out my teeth ; me can not go to him ! Me die if me do ! Well, poor fellow, rejoined Mr. *Rotchford*, stop your tears, we will see what can be done with you ; but, indeed, I cannot promise to keep you here. O ! yes ! yes ! yes ! master ! pray do ! said he, me be good boy ! me *black*, no white ! me not hurt people ! You shall go to bed now, however, *Pompey*, said Mr. *Rotchford*, and will, I hope, have a good night's

night's rest: in the morning we will consider farther of the matter; so good night to you. Then ringing the bell, he desired the servant to shew him to the bed that was prepared for him; and Pompey, after making a number of bows, retired, (his eyes swimming in tears), and slowly walked after the servant.

The moment he was gone, little George again claimed the attention of his father, and climbing upon his knee, shewed him the rag he had so carefully preserved for his inspection; saying, at the same time, Look here, papa! I beg you will take a great deal of notice of this! Pray what colour do you call this blood upon it? Red, said Mr. Rotchford; but what are you keeping that little nasty dab for? Throw it away! I do not like such dirty things! It is not dirty, Sir, rejoined George; I kept it on purpose for you to see; and you see this blood upon it is red. Only think how very strange it is! for do you know, it came from Pompey's face! Now could you have believed that such a black boy, would have had his blood made of this common colour? Are you not very much surprised at it? Pshaw! you little filly fellow! said his father, pulling him by his two shoulders, and kissing him as he spoke, is that all the mighty matter of astonishment you have to communicate? Go, go to bed; for it is time you were there; so good night, you little monkey. But I cannot go to bed, Sir, till you say something about this wonderful thing I have shewn you, replied he, for both Harriot and I were so surprised about it you cannot think!

think!—That a *black* boy should have *red* blood like ours!

Aye, *very* like yours indeed, rejoined Mr. Rotchford, and was your skin and his to be stripped off, there would be no difference to be discovered between the black, and the white boy. And are his *bones* like mine? enquired George. *Exactly*, replied his father, and not only his bones, but his *soul* too, is of the same immortal, never-dying nature; and like yours, will be for ever happy in the kingdom of Heaven, provided he endeavours to be good and do his duty. What then, said George, are black people the *same* as white people, all but their ugly *outside*? *Exactly*, my love, replied Mr. Rotchford, and ought therefore to be treated in the same manner, and not *misused*, *oppressed*, *enslaved*, and *chastised*, as if they were only beasts of burden: nay, even sometimes worse than that, as if they had no feeling at all. Should you like to be a black, papa? enquired George. I do not think, returned his father, the outward complexion of a person is of any *prodigious* consequence; though amongst the *Europeans*, that of a negro is in general so much disliked, that I cannot say I should at all chuse to have it. And if you mean, should I like to be in their state of unenlightened ignorance, or endure the hardship of slavery; most undoubtedly I should not; though I had even far rather submit to the worst they suffer, than be like their masters who inflict it. Their torments, poor creatures, will end with their lives; but the punishment of those cruel wretches who enslave and misuse them, so contrar-

to the will and commands of God; will but begin when their present life is finished, and continue to torment their souls with that dreadful anguish which God has prepared for all the inhuman, uncharitable, and wicked, in the world to come.

Little George, now his father had seen the blood of Pompey, and expressed no surprise at the colour of it, went contentedly to bed. During the evening, Mr. Rotchford wrote the following letter to Mr. Chromis, ready to dispatch by the next morning's post.

S I R,

I This morning was stopped on the road by a negro boy, who solicited my charity; he was scarcely covered, and complained of great hunger and want. He says he was sold to you by Captain Midas; and that three days ago you dismissed him from your service, upon account of his having kept back some money which he had received for you in change of a guinea. If you will be so obliging as to favor me with a line, acquainting me whether this is the real truth; and informing me what kind of a lad he is, with regard to his general behaviour, abilities, and temper, it will be esteemed an obligation by, Sir,

Your humble servant,

CHARLES ROTCHFORD.

Four days passed before Mr. Rotchford received any answer to his enquiries: during which time, Pompey behaved with the greatest docility, and grateful attention to every word that was said to him. He often repeated his

his earnest request, to be permitted to stay; but Mr. Rotchford refused making him any promises of that kind, till he should receive a letter from his master, which at length arrived, and was as follows:

SIR,

I Defer not one moment to answer your letter, because I should be sorry if you were to give any countenance to that little negro dog, who has intruded himself upon your notice. By the description you give of him, he must be the same as I turned out of my doors on account of his robbing me of four shillings; nor was that the first time he has discovered an inclination for purloining, and other bad tricks. In short, Sir, if you will be advised by me, you will get rid of him immediately; for he is a good-for-nothing, stupid, dishonest, lazy boy; and, like the rest of his colour, fit only to be kept to toil and hard labour. He might possibly be of some service if sent to work in the sugar plantations in Jamaica; but will never do any thing under the government of us Englishmen, who have not the art of managing the blacks as they do abroad. He was in my family about a twelvemonth; during which time he did more mischief, and gave me more plague, than an hundred of his black brethren are worth. I am thus particular that you may better know what methods you ought to pursue with him; and am, Sir,

Your humble servant.

LYNCUS CHROMIS.

As

As soon as Mr. Rotchford had read the letter, he gave it to his son, saying, There, *Charles*, you see what sort of character Mr. *Chromis* has given *Pompey*; judge, therefore, what will be proper for me to do with him. *Charles* took the letter, and after reading it over very attentively three or four times, said, Well, Sir, I hope this will not make you dismiss him. Not make me dismiss him! repeated his father; What! would you wish me to keep a *lazy, dishonest, stupid, good-for-nothing* boy in my family? No, Sir, not if he is *deserving* of all those appellations, replied *Charles*; but as some of them, I am *sure*, are *false*, so we may conclude the others are also; in the first place, his *dishonesty* you knew before, for *Pompey*, *ingenuously* told you of that crime himself; and his master has given no farther proof of it, though he says he discovered an inclination to purloining; perhaps he might allude to the fowl, which *Pompey* told us he took when he was half starved. Then, as for his being *lazy*, that likewise *Pompey* told us his master accused him of, when he gave him work beyond his strength to perform; and I am sure since he has been here, he has shewn no signs of it; he has worked constantly in the garden; and *Thomas* himself says he rubs the tables as well as he can. Then again, for his *stupidity*, you know the gardener told you yesterday, Sir, that he never saw a more handy *acute* lad in his life; and I think, if he had not some ideas of honor and veracity in his head, he would never have told you all the various faults he was turned away from both his masters for; so that I *dare* say he is a *very*

good boy; and I am sure, if I was you, I would keep him, and instruct him, poor fellow, in what is right and wrong, which he has never yet been told. Well, I confess, said Mr. Rotchford, you plead very earnestly and *justly* for him; but do not you think, if I keep him after the fair warning which Mr. Chromis has given me of his bad disposition, that I shall *deserve* to suffer by his villany? Fair warning! replied Charles, I can see nothing very *fair* in the representation of Mr. Chromis; I believe it to be no better than a pack of malicious *lies*, to prevent your keeping him, lest you should discover what an *unjust*, *cruel* master he has been. O! fie, my dear! said Mr. Rotchford, what an uncharitable way of judging is that! you know nothing of Mr. Chromis! why then should you conclude him to be so bad a man? I will tell you why I think so, Sir, said Charles; because his letter seems written in the most *ungenerous ill-natured* manner possible. Only read it through again, Sir, and you will see that he not only accuses *this* boy of all sorts of crimes, but says, *all* the rest of his colour are as bad, and are only *fit* to be made to *labour* and *toil* to a degree beyond what *Englishmen* can make them do. And then he says, Pompey has done him more mischief than a *hundred* of his *black brethren* are *worth*; as if he thought, that because they are *black*, they are not as *valuable* as himself. And then observe the *uncharitable* manner in which he expresses himself in the first passage of his letter; "I am sorry you should give any *countenance* to that little *negro dog*, who has *intruded* himself upon your notice;"

and then, again, "He must be the same as I turned out of my doors." Surely, Sir, by all these expressions, we may reasonably conclude, that he must be of an *ungenerous, cruel* disposition; and as you know, you have often told me, that *cruelty* is an attendant upon *conscience*, I think we may well suppose he is *afraid* of your discovering how he has used poor *Pompey*. Now, only let me beg of you to read his letter over again with attention, and see if you think I have judged too severely of him from it: or if you can find in your heart to turn the poor fellow out of *your* doors, as he did, to *starve*, to *steal*, and at length to die, either in a ditch, with hunger; or to be hanged for some theft which he may be *obliged* to commit.

My dear boy! said Mr. *Rothford*, rising, and clasping his son in his arms as he spoke; your generous zeal for the unfortunate delights me! and the conclusions you have drawn from Mr. *Chromis's* letter, are such as do honor to your *humanity*, as well as *penetration*. Believe me, my sentiments, upon reading it, were the same as your's; and far from prejudicing *Pompey* in my opinion, it served but to strengthen the favourable idea I had already formed of him, since he mentioned not a single fault, that he had not himself honestly confessed in our first conversation with him. Then again, as you justly observe, his *ungenerous* invective thrown at the *whole* race of negroes, evidently proves, that his aversion to this boy, proceeded from no just dislike to him in particular, for any crimes that he had committed; but was the effect alone of a narrow-minded

prejudice, which he entertained against all his countrymen, or colour: and thus with you, *Charles*, I think indeed, we have it under his own hand, that he is of an *ungenerous, inhuman, cruel* disposition, consequently a person whose representation of others, I shall pay no regard to. Go then, my love, and tell *Pompey* to attend me, but say not one word, I charge you, respecting what has now passed between us, or of my intention of keeping him.

Charles waited not to be told a second time, but jumping over a chair that stood betwixt him and the door, flew with all the expedition which his generous feelings could inspire to seek for *Pompey*, that he might introduce him to his father, to hear the good fortune that attended him. But the glow of pleasure that animated his bosom was a little overcast, when he found *Pompey* seated on the ground, his right elbow upon his knee, and his head reclined upon his hand with a melancholy countenance, and his eyes streaming with tears. My poor *Pompey*, exclaimed *Charles*, I am come to call you to my father, he wants to talk with you; what is the matter? Are you unwell? Are you sick?

O! no, master, me no sick, said *Pompey*, rising and shaking his head; but me bad boy! me do mischief! gardener say me shall be kick out. No! no! why, what have you done? enquired *Charles*. Me pull up all great many *flowers, cabbages, and fine things*, replied *Pompey*, me tink they weeds, so me work hard, up soon this morning, to do it; but me kill them all,

and

and gardener say I shall be kill myself too: *me* no so good as *cabbage*. Well, I am sorry you have done so, said *Charles*, but it cannot be helped; never mind it, you shall not be killed, so come to my father, for he wants you sadly. And then, without stopping for any answer, away he ran in doors first, as if his expedition would have introduced *Pompey* the sooner to his father; but he, poor fellow, walked slowly behind, fearful of appearing before Mr. *Rotchford*. At length, however, he peeped in, opening the parlour door, scarce wide enough to admit his face, whilst his body remained on the outside; but *Charles* seeing him, called out, Come in, *Pompey*! how slow you walk! my father wants you, I tell you!

Pompey then advanced towards Mr. *Rotchford*, and falling on his knees before him, with uplifted hands, besought his pardon, informing him of the mistake that he had been guilty of, and repeating the goodness of his intention. Mr. *Rotchford* held out his hand to raise him, and with a good humoured smile, told him not to be so greatly distressed; promising to pardon it, and advising him for the future to enquire of the gardener what he should do, before he began his daily work. But come, *Pompey*, added he, dry your tears, I want to have some conversation with you. I have received an answer to my letter from Mr. *Chromis*, in which he gives me your character; but it is so *bad* a one, that it would be madness in me to keep a boy who was *deserving* of it. He says you are *dishonest*,
I 3 *stupid*,

stupid, lazy, and in short, good for-nothing. Now I by no mean wish to have such a boy in my family: you therefore surely cannot expect that I should let you continue with me.

Poor *Pompey* made no reply, but burst into a violent flood of tears, and wringing his hands, traversed the room backward and forward in great disorder and apparent distress of mind. *Charles*, in the mean time, got up and sat down several times, looked pitifully on *Pompey*, then impatiently at his father, wanting him to declare his mind, and set the heart of the poor boy at rest, and was several times going to speak himself, but recollecting his father's command, he restrained himself, though not without great difficulty. After some minutes had passed in this state of impatience on one side, and anxiety on the other, Mr. *Rotchford*, taking *Pompey* by the hand, said, Well! you do not make any answer, *Pompey*! what do you think I must do with you? O! master! master! said he, sobbing, you let me stay, me no go! me *sure* me no lazy! me *not* thief! me only steal when me *hungry*, and me no help that; me *must* eat or me die! but me will never steal here; here me have victuals, and not hungry! me no *white*, no *bad* boy; me good, and work hard; me only lazy when sick; me well here, and me must stay! And so you—— *shall*, *Charles* was going to say; but his father looking gravely at him, he coloured, and again was silent. But if I let you stay and take care of you, rejoined Mr. *Rotchford*, will you indeed be very good, very honest, very industrious, very faithful, and never tell

tell lies? O! yes! yes! master! said he, me do all them things, though me not know what they mean; but me will be all them *verys*; and all you bid me; indeed me will! try me, master! try me! Well, I *will* try you, said he; but remember, *Pompey*, if you do not keep your word; if you are not good; or if ever you tell me the thing which is *not* true, I shall be very angry; nor shall I let you stay in my family longer than you behave so as to deserve my favor and protection.

Me be good! me be good! said *Pompey*, kissing his master's hand, and jumping about the room, hallowing, singing, dancing, and shewing every sign of immoderate joy that he could express; then throwing himself on the floor, he clasped and kissed Mr. *Rotchford's* knees; then did the same to *Charles*; and in short appeared for some time like a person beside himself. At length, when he was a little composed, he again kissed Mr. *Rotchford's* hand, telling him, he would go directly and work in the garden, till he made new flowers and cabbages come in the stead of those he had killed: and away he went, singing and jumping all the way.

As soon as he was gone, Mr. *Rotchford* addressed himself to *Charles*, saying, I was afraid, my boy, your impatience to put *Pompey* out of suspense, would have made you forget my orders, and have prompted you to tell my intention, before I had sufficiently made him sensible how necessary it is, that he should be careful of his future behaviour. Indeed, Sir, replied *Charles*, I was afraid so to; I could scarcely bear to see him in

such distress; when I knew you designed at last to keep him, I thought it a pity he should be so tortured: would it not have been more *generous*, do you think, Sir, to have told him at first? I thought we should not give any one a moment's pain that might be avoided. Your opinion, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, is quite just and right; and in common that rule ought not to be deviated from: but in the present instance you must consider, notwithstanding we have reason to *suspect* Mr. *Chromis*'s account of him, that we are totally ignorant of his real character; therefore, too much caution cannot be used, before I admit him to become one of my family. It was necessary, on this account, that I should use every method I could, to endeavour to find out his sentiments and temper; whether he appeared as if *indeed* desirous of *pleasing*, and being *good*; or whether he only liked to stay for the sake of his food, without caring if he gave me satisfaction or not. For this reason, therefore, and not for the sake of occasioning him one moment's suspense or *pain*, I refrained from telling him my design, till I saw how the thoughts of his departure would affect him; and whether he would esteem his continuing here an obligation worthy of being requited by his gratitude and fidelity. Time only can shew if his professions are sincere; but he certainly *appears* to be as much in earnest, when he makes them, as possible; and I hope and trust I shall find no cause to repent of my dependence upon them; but let him turn out as he will, I shall at least have the satisfaction of reflecting that I acted *right*, by shewing

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ing compassion to a fellow creature, who seemed ready to perish, and therefore had a demand upon me for assistance.

However some people may think of it, nothing is more certain, than that every person is bound to help their suffering brethren as much as is in their power, and to a generous mind, no pleasure can be equal to that which arises from acts of beneficence and kindness; it is a pleasure that continues to delight us as long as our memories last. The recollection of having afforded help to a fellow creature, having relieved the wants of nature by giving food to the hungry, and clothes to the cold and naked: of having comforted the afflicted, and dried the tear from the cheek of the sorrowful: the recollection, I say, of these things, is such a balm and satisfaction to the heart, that those alone can have an idea of, who have experienced; and those who have experienced, would not part with, for all the gay pleasures and amusements in the world. For your own sake, therefore, *Charles*, cultivate a friendly, benevolent disposition towards all the human race: look upon all the inhabitants of the earth as so many different members of that one great family to which you belong, and endeavour to love them all as brethren; to feel for their miseries, and to be desirous of obviating them as much as possible, to whatever nation or country they may belong, whatever religion they may profess, whatever occupation they may pursue, or whatever rank and condition they may be of. These distinctions should make no difference in your feelings for them as

men or fellow creatures, created by the *same* God as yourself, and preserved by the *same* Almighty power. And if you regard yourself as peculiarly happy by being born a *Briton*, display the generous spirit of one, by rising superior to all little *ungenerous* distinctions of party and external circumstances. Remember that you are yourself an *English* man, and act with that nobleness and generosity of soul, which has long been esteemed characteristic of our happy country. But above all things, remember my boy, that you are a *christian*; a professor of a religion the most pure of any upon earth; and one which requires its members to shew forth their *faith* by their *practice*, by an universal display of benevolence and kindness to all mankind. O! my *Charles*, make it your *first*, your *chief* endeavour to cultivate in your heart, to shew forth in your practice the divine precepts of *christianity*. Whatever else may be your study, however you may improve in science, or in literature, let not the *scriptures* be neglected: all other acquisitions and knowledge may illustrate, or display your *genius*, your memory, and your abilities, may gain you the reputation of being wise and learned; but be assured, that it is by the study of the sacred scriptures, you will gain that *true* knowledge which shall make you *wise unto salvation*.

There are a great many of the boys at our school, said *Charles*, who laugh at Mr. *Chiron* for reading the bible on *Sunday* evenings; they say it is very *superstitious* to do so; and that nobody has any occasion to read the scriptures beside parsons and old women.

Are parsons and old women the only people then that have souls? enquired Mr. *Rotchford*, that the knowledge of the will of God, and how to make their souls eternally happy, is of no consequence to any body else? I should imagine it was of equal importance to every body to know *what they must do to be saved*. It is a sad thing, *Charles*, that there should be so many wicked people in the world, who seem to think it a proof of *wit* to laugh at every thing that is holy or serious. But they are greatly mistaken in supposing they display either their *ingenuity* or *understanding* by such conduct; for on the contrary, it is a sure sign that they are greatly defective in both.

I never, in my life, knew a person of sound sense, who would not have been ashamed of speaking irreverently of those subjects, which ought by all men to be esteemed most sacred. When, therefore, it should be your ill luck, either now, or in future life, to fall into company with those who think to shew their superior *sense* and *wit*, by ridiculing either *religion*, the *scriptures*, the *church*, the *clergy*, or any *pious person*, look upon it as a certain rule that their *principles* must either be bad, or their *understanding* defective; and on no account enter into familiarity with them; lest by degrees they tempt you to be of their party, or weaken in your mind that reverence which you ought to bear towards all things that respect your *God*, and your *religion*: and rest assured, that the observation made long ago by king *Solomon*, is most undoubtedly true, That *fools* only make a mock at sin.

Mr.

Mr. *Rotchford* was here interrupted by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. *Blifield*, and the entrance of Mrs. *Rotchford*, her daughters, and little *George*, who going to his grandfather, before he made any enquiries after his health, or gave him any other salutation, said, Do you know my papa says *Pompey* may stay! My papa and brother found him the other day as they were riding; they were going to Mr. *Norris's*; but as they found *Pompey*, my brother came back with him, and so my papa went by himself; and poor *Pompey* was so hungry you cannot think: I am glad my papa will keep him, for he is very good natured. And you are very fond of dogs, my dear, are you not? enquired Mr. *Blifield*, chucking him under the chin as he spoke. Dogs! repeated *George*; yes, I like dogs very well; but what have dogs to do with *Pompey*? Why is not *Pompey* a dog? said his grandfather. No to be sure, he is not! replied *George*. Do not you know that *Pompey* is our black boy that lives with us? Did not I tell you my papa and *Charles* met him as they were going to see Mr. *Norris*? What, did you think *Pompey* was a dog? Indeed, my dear, I did, said Mr. *Blifield*, laughing; I thought you had bestowed the *Roman* general's name upon a new dog your brother had found; but I never should have guessed you were talking of a boy.

Pray, Mr. *Rotchford*, said he, turning toward him; how is this affair? Have you really found a little negro? Yes indeed, Sir, I have, replied he, and one who, I think, appears to be of a good disposition, although to be sure the crime for which his last master turned him

out

out of his door, was a very bad one, being no less than *theft*. Aye, aye, said Mr. *Blifield*, looking very gravely, and slowly nodding his head as he spoke; a good disposition! and do such a naughty trick as that! I do not understand how that matter can be, for my part! do you *justify* *thieving*, Mr. *Rotehsford*? By no means, Sir, replied he; but it may in some peculiar circumstances be *less criminal* than in others, though in none can it be *justified*. But the boy we were speaking of, if his account is true, was almost starving with hunger; though undoubtedly, *that* can not plead excuse for a bad action; since a person had far better submit to death, than be guilty of so great a crime, provided they *know* that it is a crime; but of that poor *Pompey* was ignorant, having never been so happy as to be instructed in his duty, or taught any of the commands of God. It is not therefore, you see, Sir, to be wondered at, that when he felt the *severe pangs* of *hunger*, and had an opportunity, as he thought, of *relieving* them, though by dishonest methods; it is not, I say, to be wondered at, that he should yield to the pressing temptation; nor can it be esteemed the *same sin* in *him*, as it would be if any of *us*, who have been taught what is right and wrong, were we to be guilty of the like. You will not, therefore, I dare say, when you consider this, blame me for thinking he may possess a natural good disposition, although he has been guilty of so foul an action.

Very true, very true, rejoined Mr. *Blifield*, what you say is quite just; the degree of a person's *guilt* certainly depends

depends upon his *knowledge* of good and evil: thus a fool, or a madman may commit murder, and yet be innocent: but if you, or I, were to do so *Charles*, we should stand a chance of swinging for it; and *deservedly* too; do not you think so boy? And so you know, *George*, a little baby may do many things, and throw down cups and saucers without any ill design; but if such a stout boy as you were to do so, it would be very naughty, and you would well deserve to be thrashed for it, because you *know* it is *wrong*, which an infant does not.

I do not throw down cups and saucers, replied *George*, I only one day let the bread and butter plate fall, because I would carry it flat on my hand, instead of holding it as my mamma told me; she said I should break it; though I did not think I should; but somehow or other, it tottered off my hand, and *smash* it came down, bread and butter and all, and made such a sad grease upon the carpet, that *Susan* said she did not know how to clean it, and now there is a great mark of it left still; if you will come into the other room, grandpapa, I will shew you the place. Then taking hold of his grandfather's hand, he endeavoured to pull him from his seat, saying, Come, Sir, help yourself up a little, for I cannot move you if you do not; and I promise you, it is well worth your while to come and see the dirty place which the bread and butter made; so do pray come.

Do not be troublesome, *George*, to your grandpapa, said his mamma. No, no, replied Mr. *Blifield*, he

is not troublesome; but never mind my going to see the dirt on the carpet, I am very well contented with your account of it, *George*, and the next time I go into the room, I will be sure to observe it; but at present, if you please, I had rather sit still; I grow very lazy, my dear, and do not like moving at all, but when once I am seated, think it a sad labour to get up again: so if you please, I will look at the greasy spot next time I come.

You need not go, to be sure, returned *George*, unless you like it; but I thought you would be glad to see the place, when once you heard of it; and as for there being any labour in getting off your seat, I assure you, Sir, there is not the least trouble in the world in that! look at me now, grandpapa! only see how I do it! Then taking his stool, he jumped up and down twenty times, calling to his grandpapa, to observe with how much ease he performed it. Afterwards, turning to his grandpapa, and laying his hand on his knee, whilst he looked up in his face, he desired him to try if he could not do the same? To be sure, said Mr. *Blifield*, smiling, and chucking him under the chin as he spoke, it does appear easy enough as you do it; and if ever I should be as young as you, I will certainly bump myself as you have done; but for the present, I must beg to be excused: and suppose now, *George*, instead of going into the other room for my entertainment, you were to fetch *Pompey* to me: I should like to see him much better than the dirt you made upon the carpet, by not minding what your mamma said to you;

you; for I think that was a sad thing: I do not, you know, like little boys and girls who do not mind when they are spoken to; some mischief always follows when children are unruly: do not you remember, *George*, do not you remember the coach glass? and the sad, sad consequences that followed not minding what your papa told you? I should have thought, that would have taught you never to disobey orders again as long as you lived. O! yes! replied *George*, I remember that very well; that was my arm, you know. I wish I had not done so, and then I should have had two arms still, I wish I had two hands, for it is very uncomfortable being without, I assure you, Sir; besides my papa and mamma will not let me run and play about, for fear I should hurt myself. But if you want to see our *Pompey*, I will run down the garden and fetch him. Then I shall run with you, said *Charles*, for I shall not let you go alone, for fear you should, as you say, hurt yourself.

They then both left the room together, and soon afterwards returned, accompanied by *Pompey*, who making a bow with his head, as he entered, enquired if he was wanted for any thing? Yes, my lad, said Mr. *Blifield*, I want to see your little honest face. I hear Mr. *Rotchford* found you in the road the other day, and has been so very kind as to tell you that you shall continue with him; I am sure, you ought to be much obliged to him, I hope you intend to be a very good boy, and always do the things you are desired. O! yes, master! replied *Pompey*, me be very good! me

love

love master and mistress, and little masters, and little mistresses; we love them all; they all good as if they not *whites*, not *christians*. What is that you say? enquired Mr. *Blifield*, gravely, as good as if they were not *christians*! That is a strange manner of speaking, little boy; you must be set right in your notions on that subject, and I hope, will become a christian yourself likewise. Yes, yes, Sir! added Mr. *Rotchford*, I dare say he will very willingly receive instruction on that important subject; but the poor fellow has unfortunately hitherto fallen into the hands of people, who, calling themselves christians, have neglected to practice the duties of christianity; and by cruel treatment of him, and others of his country, have given him an ill opinion of that religion: but, when he comes to be instructed in the excellency of it, and taught what purity, what kindness, and gentleness of manners is required of those who profess themselves christians; I doubt not but he will readily allow, that he has hitherto been greatly mistaken, in supposing that christians are wicked people; and will gladly and thankfully embrace a religion, so calculated to promote his present comfort, and future everlasting happiness.

He told me, this morning, said Miss *Sophia*, that he thought christians were the worst people in the world. That is my love, replied her father, because he has been treated worse by them than by any other people in the world: and a shocking thing it is, that people who profess to be of that holy and gentle religion, should act in so cruel, unjust, and wicked a manner, as to

give the ignorant and uninstructed, a prejudice against it. At present, I am not at all surpris'd, that *Pompey* should entertain an ill opinion of a religion, whose members he has found to be barbarous, tyrannical, and unjust : who, with inhuman thirst after riches, took his mother as a captive from her own country, to make her labour for them in theirs ; and with brutal rigor, put to death his brother in so shocking a manner, for a blow, to which he was provok'd in the defence of his sick parent. Then he himself, torn as he describes, from the arms of his mother, so contrary to both their inclinations, and sold to Mr. *Chromis* ; whose treatment of him we find was not the most humane : all these things, you must consider, were acted by persons calling themselves christians ; and he, never meeting with any, better deserving of that sacred name, is sufficient to have set him against them. It remains, therefore, with us, my children, to counteract that unjust prejudice which he has already imbibed, and by our conduct to prove, that *christian* is the highest style of man ! That is, that every thing great, noble, humane, and generous, is practis'd by them : that cruelty, deceit, injustice, oppression, and every species of wickedness, is their detestation and greatest abhorrence : and that they had far rather undergo the severest poverty themselves, than purchase riches by the unjust labour, and slavery of their fellow creatures : far rather die themselves, than torment, or destroy the life of another.

These things, my dears, it is now *our* duty to teach him; and the manner in which we must instruct him, is by setting the *example* in *our own* lives; by letting him *see* in our *practice*, as well as *bear* by our *precepts*, what the religion and life of a christian is. And after he is *thus* made acquainted with it, I shall be surprised indeed, if he does not alter his opinion concerning christianity. Yes, indeed, continued Mr. *Blifield*, I shall indeed be astonished, if, after he has been in your family, Mr. *Rotchford*, and beheld the conduct of the master and mistress of it, he does not change his sentiments, and become desirous of embracing that religion, which he sees renders them so affable to all around them, and so happy and comfortable to themselves. What then you think my papa and mamma are very good kind of people, do you, Sir? said little *George*. Indeed, my dear, returned Mr. *Blifield*, I really do. I will not take upon me to say that they are the very *best* in all the world, because I hope there are a great many good people; but this I can promise you, there can be none *better*: and if you will be always careful to mind what they say to you, and do as they bid you, you will also be a very *good*, and consequently a very *happy* man. I will try, Sir, said *George*, to remember all you tell me, and be as good as my papa, if I can; and when I am a man, if I find a little black boy, I will take him to my house, and let him stay, as papa does by *Pompey*; and I will give him some clothes too, as my papa has, and something else I will do *better* than papa has thought of; I will have him new painted white, with

red cheeks, for I do not like that black dirty colour at all; do you, grandpapa?

I do not think it looks so pretty as your little cherry cheeks do, to be sure, replied Mr. *Blifield*, at the same time giving him a gentle pinch between his finger and thumb on both cheeks: but I do not apprehend your paint would much improve him; besides, it would be very disagreeable, and very unwholesome for a person to be painted like a wooden doll. And though I have been so long accustomed to *European* complexions, that I cannot help preferring them to black; yet I think my little friend *Pompey* here, shews a very honest well-looking face, that he need not be ashamed of, or wish to hide from the sight of any body; and his little curling pate I like mightily: in my opinion, it is ten times handsomer than that quantity of mane which hangs blowing about all your faces and necks, like so many wild colts. I cannot say I like that fashion, if it is the fashion. I love to see childrens faces, and their hair put prettily back, and not all this quantity (taking hold of *George's* hair who stood by him, and lifting it up as he spoke) enough to make a Lord Chancellor's wig of. I know when your mamma and uncles were little, theirs used to be tied back in a much neater manner.

That is very true, my dear, said Mrs. *Blifield*, and yet, perhaps, if their grandfathers and grandmothers had been alive to see them, they would have as much disliked that fashion as we do this. I am sure, I often blame myself for talking about what is a pretty fashion

and

and what not; as if it did not entirely depend upon taste; or, as if it was possible that old persons should like the present fashions, as well as those that used to be when they were young, and in good health and spirits joined in them. I confess I do not like to see young people in a hurry to set new fashions, or be the first to wear every new whim that comes up; but I am for having folk in those indifferent matters flow with the current, and not by a singularity of dress be taken more notice of, and be more talked of, than if they complied with the innocent follies of the times. For my own part, I must say, that as well as Mr. *Blifield*, I like to see childrens hair tied back, and turned up in a neat manner; but I would not, for that reason, wish these *Rotchfords* to be dressed so, for the sake of pleasing our old fashioned eyes, when no other children are; only I should be afraid that in summer time it would heat their heads too much.

O! no madam, said *Charles*, there is no danger of that, the young folk of this generation have all such *thick* skulls, that the warmth of the hair can never penetrate the brain: besides, I have often heard that keeping the head warm, is a *fine* thing for the *eyes*, for the *ears*, for the *teeth*, and I know not what besides. And the pictures of my grandfather *Rotchford*, and my great uncles in the other room, have all got wonderful large wigs, that would keep not only their *heads*, but also their *shoulders* and *backs* as warm, as if they were wrapped up in a sheep skin: and I have always been told, that they were very *wise* and learned men: so I

suppose the warmth of their heads made their knowledge and understandings grow and flourish, in the same manner as, the heat of the sun ripens fruit, and makes vegetation prosper: besides, my dearest madam, ought you not, as much as possible, to follow the guidance of *nature*; and when she kindly wraps up the head in nice, *long, soft, warm* hair, can any thing contradict her dictates more, than scalping it all off, either to go bald and shivering, or to put on a load of another person's, made into shape by the hands of the barber? As if a *barber* could form a covering to fit your head better than its own skin did! I think when one comes to consider, it appears almost as strange as it would be, to cut off the end of the nose, for the sake of having one made of wax to suit your face better than your own did; or as if you were to cut off your legs to put on two cork ones that would be lighter.

What *nonsense* you do talk, boy! said his father smiling. Nay, for my part, I think there is a great deal of *reason* in what he says, rejoined Mrs. *Blifield*; for certainly nothing can be more unnatural, than that great curled wig of Mr. *Blifield's*, was it not that *custom* reconciled us to it: for I should suppose, that the warmth of ones own hair, must be better adapted to the head it is placed on, than any other person's can be. So indeed, *Charles*, I think you argue very justly; and there is great truth in what you say, notwithstanding artificial hair is better than artificial legs or noses. But still I do not see why it might not be put back, and tied up a little: it would keep your *head* as warm as it does
now,

now, you know ; and you cannot at present follow nature so far, as to let it run to its full length, so I am still for having a little more cut off, though not for *scalping* it all, as you call it.

Very well, madam, said *Charles*, next summer we will have a little polling amongst us ; but at present I could not bear to part with these warm locks for ever so much ; and as they are the fashion, you say, you will allow us to keep them ?

Yes, that I will, my dear ! replied his grandmother, I should be sorry if they were cut to please me ; you young folk understand those matters much better than I do ; therefore pray do just as you like, without thinking of my taste, for an old woman would make but a bad hair-dresser : if I were to set up the trade, I doubt I should have but little custom. I doubt so too, madam, said *Sophia*, if you followed the same fashion as that you dressed my mamma in when she was a girl ; for I cannot think that the hair turned up, and tied *neatly* back, as you describe it, could possibly be at all becoming. No, no, said *Charles*, jumping up and smoothing one of his sister's curls round his fore-finger, I understand hair dressing much better than my grandmother ; and if she would permit me, I could much improve her's. Then going to her, and bowing with a very grave face, he enquired if she would grant him the honor of dressing her hair in the *present* mode ; and not as it was worn in king *George* the first's reign ?

Dress *my* hair ! exclaimed Mrs. *Blifield*, you would be puzzled to find much to dress, *Charles*, I can pro-

mise you, for I am pretty near bald ; I have only these few white locks, added she, stroaking the back of her fingers against the side of her temples as she spoke, and I will defy you, Mr. *Barber*, to dress it better than it is, or make it look more becoming an old woman's face ; so go about your business, I shall not employ you. *Charles* was going to reply, when a loud ring of the bell, instantly turned all their eyes that way ; and the entrance of two gentlemen and a lady put a stop to all farther conversation with the young folk : who, after having continued in the room sufficiently long to shew their respect to the company, withdrew to their respective entertainments ; and *Charles*, after having prepared his exercise for his father's inspection the next day, amused himself with composing the following lines, addressed to his new favorite *Pompey* :

- " Cease, Pompey ! cease, thy fortune to deplore,
 " For all thy toil and suff'rings now are o'er.
 " No more oppression shall thy life attend,
 " For thou hast gain'd my father for thy friend :
 " He shall thy youth with tenderness sustain,
 " Supply each want, and ward off every pain.
 " The heavy chain of slavery, no more
 " Shall gall thy shoulder, as it has before.
 " No more fell Tyranny with iron rod,
 " Regardless of the dictates of our God,
 " Shall crush thy youthful spirit, or destroy
 " Thy health, and relish of each earthly joy.

" But

- " But British freedom henceforth shall be thine,
 " Thou with the sons of liberty shalt join ;
 " Enjoy humanity's soft rites, and know
 " The blessings that from British freedom flow.
 " Nor only freedom shall thy body find,
 " Whilst Ignorance dark cloud enslaves thy mind :
 " That cloud dispell'd shall by instruction be,
 " And thou the beauties of Religion see.
 " The name of CHRISTIAN, shall no more alarm
 " Thy breast with dread, and fear of unknown harm,
 " But kindly taught by my indulgent fire,
 " The duties true religion doth require,
 " Shewn by his practice how a christian ought
 " To regulate his action, word, and thought,
 " Thou'lt learn to venerate the sacred name,
 " And pant impatient to embrace the same.
 " Thy soul enlightned by instruction's lore,
 " Daily the paths of virtue will explore :
 " Whilst thy young heart, which ne'er hath right been
 " taught,
 " To know, and love its Maker shall be brought ;
 " His power and goodness shall be made to see,
 " And praise that mercy be both shewn to thee.
 " Thy sufferings past, no longer then lament,
 " But in thy present station be content :
 " My parents kindness shall thy wrongs repay,
 " And the foul guilt of Chromis wash away :
 " Midas no more shall tear thee from their hand,
 " As once he drag'd thee from thy native land ;

But

“ *But safe, securely thou with us shalt stay,
And thy life glide in happiness away.*”

As soon as *Charles* had concluded this little poem, he shewed it to his sister *Sophia*, who very highly commended it: Though, said she, if you will excuse me, I think there is one line in it badly expressed; and that is, where you say our parents kindness, shall the *soul guilt* of *Chromis* wash away: as if it was possible, for the goodness and virtue of one person, to wash away or obliterate the *crime* of another. I think you should some how have expressed it, that our parents kindness may make him *forget* or *disregard* the guilt and cruelty of *Chromis*; but not as if *their goodness* could possibly make him *innocent*. Certainly, replied *Charles*, your observation is very just and proper, and I intended it should be understood, only to wash away from *Pompey's mind* his cruelty, and not the very *act* of cruelty itself; but since it appears to carry that sense in it, I will alter it, if I can think of any other rhyme that will do as well; if not, it must go as it is; and I will write a little note at the bottom to explain my meaning. Well, do so, said *Sophia*, though I think you had better alter it. *Charles*, however, I believe, never found a line that would please him better, wherewith to supply its place; at least I never saw any other copy than that I have just given.

The company whose arrival I before mentioned, continued the whole day, and spent the evening at Mr. *Rotchford's*; nor did any circumstance throughout their
visit

visit occur of importance sufficient to be worth relating. I must not omit a conversation that passed the next morning at breakfast, when Mr. *Rotchford* observed, that *Charles*, after having drank some of his milk, removed his bason to a farther table which stood by the parlour door; and after walking two or three times about the room, in a sly way (very uncommon for *Charles* to practice) took it up, when he thought no one was looking at him, and went out of the room. Mr. *Rotchford* was going to call him back to enquire into the reason of his proceeding; but whilst he was considering with himself for a moment, whether he should do that, or stay till his return; he saw him run out at the gate, and in about two minutes walk quietly back again; and returning to the parlour, he sat down as if nothing had passed, and joined in conversation with his sisters.

Mr. *Rotchford* took no notice of what he had seen, till breakfast was over: he then desired all the children to put their empty basons together, that they might the more conveniently be taken away. All instantly held forth their own, except *Charles*, who, upon his father's enquiring for it, coloured, and said it was below stairs. Mr. *Rotchford* fixed his eyes stedfastly upon him, and gravely repeated the words, *Below stairs!* Yes, Sir, said he in a faltering voice, I will fetch it up if you please. Pray how got it below stairs? enquired his father, still looking stedfastly at him. I carried it down, Sir, said he. And for *what?* rejoined his father. For no harm, Sir, he replied. But for *what?* repeated Mr.

Mr. *Rotchford*. Because I chose it! because I had a use for it! but indeed, Sir, for no *harm*! said he. Then be so kind as to let me know for *what* use you wanted it? said his father. Why, Sir, replied he, hesitating; why Sir,—why I wanted it: I, I took it down—for, because I wanted it; I — And I, rejoined Mr. *Rotchford*, in a firm tone of voice, will no longer have this foolish *unmanly* hesitation, in refusing to answer one plain question, For what did you take it down? Come, answer me *Charles*, with your usual ingenuousness; if you have done a fault, confess it honestly; but do not, after having committed a *fly* action in stealing your breakfast, and so *meanly* conveying your basin out of the room, plunge yourself deeper in guilt by prevarication and falsehood: but this moment tell me *why* you took down the basin, and your bread? But do not *deceive* me, *Charles*. Do I *ever* then deceive you, Sir? replied he; that you should for a moment *suspect* me of such a crime? When have I in all my life been guilty of it? or upon what occasion have I ever refused to tell you the truth; that you should suppose I would now deceive you? Never, never, my boy, returned Mr. *Rotchford*, pleased with the just sense he appeared to entertain of his honor; nor did I ever before see you behave in so *fly* and *underbanded* a manner, or hear you hesitate at giving an account of your actions.

Well, Sir, replied *Charles*, I promise you, I will not *deceive* you; and since you saw me act as you thought *fly*, I will tell you the whole truth and reason of my doing so. You know, when we dined at my grandfather's,

father's, he gave me a guinea, telling me, it would be the last time he should see me, before I returned to school; not then thinking he would have been here yesterday. That guinea, if you remember, Sir, you told me to take care of, and not spend it foolishly all at once; as it ought to last me, you said, for a long while. I intended, I am sure, to follow your advice, and thought, that with what you and my mamma would give me likewise, I should go richer to school than I have ever done yet. But one day last week, as I was going by *Pogey's* the chimney sweeper, I saw him and three or four of his boys standing round an ass, swearing and banging it as if it could feel no more than their foot sacks; and I heard a man who was also of their party, (as were a great many besides,) say, What are you going to crop him? Yes, replied *Pogey*, and *dock* him too. I then went close to see what they were about; and those cruel wretches, were with a great blunt pair of shears cropping one of his ears; and because they had not cut it into the right form to please their *brutal* eyes at first, they were *snipping* and *snipping* it by bits at a time, as if it had been made of paper, and had no sense of pain: and then, when the poor beast in his agonies endeavoured to get loose, they banged him with sticks to make him quiet. I declare, I longed to bang them all in the same manner; but I remembered your advice about the boy and the birds: therefore I very civilly tried to *persuade* them not to be so cruel; but they only laughed at me, and would not mind, till I said I had rather give half a

crown

crown, than have the poor beast tortured so. Had you, master? said *Pogey*. If you will give me half a crown, I will leave off and put him into the stable again. Well, said I, so I will, if you will neither cut the other ear or his tail off. To which he agreed, and I felt in my pocket for my money, and taking my guinea out, for I had no other, said I would go to the next shop and change it, and return directly. Very well, said he, but I shall not untie the ass till I get it.

I then ran away, and returned in a few moments with the half crown, which I gave to the man, and he untied the ass; but, as he was leading it with its one bleeding ear away, I heard him say to some people who were laughing at his *lopsided* appearance, that he would make it *even* presently. When this young spark is gone, (nodding his head towards me,) I will have the other off, and his *tail* too, I promise you. Then said I, please to give me my half crown again; for you know that the condition on which I gave it you, was, that his other ear and tail should continue on. O! very well, master, said he, I shall see about that. I told you I would put him into his stable, and so I will: then turning round, he gave him a blow with a stick across his head and sore ear, to make him quicken his pace; and the poor beast was as lame as a dog into the bargain. The ass shook his head as if in agonies upon feeling the pain, and trudged patiently after his inhuman master. I could not bear the sight; and the idea of what he was again to suffer as soon as I left him, greatly distressed me. Yet to offer more money, was to

no purpose, as the man would certainly not keep his word better for a whole crown, than he had done for the half. So the thought came into my head, that as he was lame, perhaps he would sell him cheap; and I enquired what he would part with him for? He told me not less than a guinea. That I well knew was greatly more than his value; besides, I had then only eighteen and sixpence: I therefore offered to give him half a guinea; but he refused it, saying, When he was cropped, and docked, and well cleaned from the foot, he would fetch more than that at any time. I was sure he would not; and not liking to be so monstrously imposed upon, was going to leave him and the croud together; when one of the boys, whose toe he chanced to tread upon, gave him a blow upon his shoulder with the edge of his shovel, with such violence as to cut the skin, and at the same time kicked his legs as hard as his passion and cruelty could enable him. This again, caused me to offer for him, a shilling more than I had before mentioned; but he still refused: so at last, after a great deal of talking, I gave him all my money, and brought home the *lame, one-eared, dirty* ass, and put him into the barn field, where the poor creature is at present. Here *Charles* stopped.

But what, enquired Mr. *Rotchford*, has all this history to do, with your putting your breakfast in your pocket to day, and your *sneaking* your milk out under your hat? I will tell you, Sir, rejoined *Charles*. The purchase of the ass ran away with all my money; and I thought, as I had chosen to spend it in that manner,

it was not right to ask you for more ; but that I could do without, until I went to school, or you gave me some ; and as I have every thing I want, this was no very great hardship : as I was persuaded I should feel much greater pleasure in having rescued the as from farther torments, than in the possession of my money. But as I was walking down the lane this morning before breakfast, I met *Bob Swift*, as naked and in as bad a condition as *Pompey* was when we found him, crying most pitiously, and gathering sticks for his mother. He begged me to give him an halfpenny ; but I had not one in the world. I almost wished I had not bought the as ! And yet poor thing its sufferings were *so* great ! I was then coming in to ask you, or my mamma for something for him ; but I was *ashamed* of having bought the as *so foolishly*, for I dare say *Pogey* would let me have had it cheaper, had I not so simply discovered my worth. Then again, I recollected, that you positively ordered none of us to give any more to the *Swifts*, because they have behaved so extremely wicked, and ungrateful ; so that I did not think it right to ask any of my sisters for money for him, or the cook for any victuals : and yet the poor fellow did appear in such terrible distress, and complained of being *so* hungry, that I could not endure to see him : and when I asked him, why he was such a naughty boy as always to be breaking down the pales and hedges round peoples grounds ? He said, he could not help it, he did not know where to find wood to make fires : and when his father and mother sent him out to seek for it,

if

if he returned without, they were very angry, and thrashed him. This I thought was a shocking circumstance, and the poor boy not so much to blame as you had supposed him to be: but whether he was or not, his distress seemed to be *very* great; and the loss of a breakfast to me would be no prodigious matter, and cost no more whether *I*, or *he* eat it; therefore I told him, if he would stay where he was for about half an hour, I would bring him something. And to him, Sir, it was that I carried my bread and milk: and now, I assure you, you know every word of the affair; for I would not *deceive* you upon any account: and I hope what I have done will not make you angry, or give you a bad opinion of me; for I am sure I intended no harm! Here *Charles* ceased.

Mr. *Rotchford*, tenderly embracing him, replied, My generous hearted boy! your conduct will be far from giving me a *bad* opinion of you: on the contrary, it is with the sincerest pleasure that I behold the soft feelings of humanity so deeply impressed on your mind: and when, from increasing years, your judgment shall have gained greater degrees of *prudence* to regulate your actions, every thing great and noble may be expected, from a heart formed with such tender sensibility for the sufferings of others. But why, my dearest *Charles*, when conscious as you must be of having acted as you thought *right*, why did you make all that foolish hesitation in explaining to me, the reason of your conduct? Why did you not inform us of the *bargain* you made for the ass? And why did you *sneak* your breakfast out in so *mean*, *unmanly* a method?

For these parts of your conduct, I cannot help *greatly* censuring and blaming you; but for your compassion towards the suffering beast, or your pity towards the unfortunate, naughty *Bob Swift*, I commend and applaud you highly; and feel more satisfaction from your humanity, than you, till you are a father, can suppose.

How came you not, my love, to mention any thing about the ass? enquired *Mrs. Rotchford*. Because, madam, replied *Charles*, I had made such a *foolish* bargain that I was quite ashamed of it. The ass, I dare say, is not worth *five* shillings; and no doubt, I might have had it for that, or *less*, if I had not set about it in so ridiculous a manner, and let the man see that I had a whole guinea, so that he would not be satisfied till he got it all from me. I fancy, *Charles*, said his father, that was the real state of the case; and had you exercised a little more wit, you might have rescued the ass, and saved half your money too: but after you *had* done it, it would have been more *noble* to have mentioned it, and acknowledged your imprudence, as you do now, than to have kept it to yourself, as if you chose not to be told of your errors: and that *mean* way of carrying down your breakfast by *stealth*, casts a sad cloud over the glory of the compassion that prompted it. Yes, Sir, rejoined *Charles*; but you had so often expressed your dislike to the *Swifts*, that I was fearful you would either not let me give it him, or be displeased with me for having promised it. And yet he appeared so *much* to need it, that I could not think I did wrong by giving it to him.

Indeed!

Indeed! indeed! Sir! if you had seen him, you would have pitied him!

I do pity him *greatly*, my love, replied Mr. Rotchford, I pity him for his poverty; but still more for the wicked manner in which he is brought up: his father and mother are also much to be commiserated for their conduct; though at the same time, as they have common sense, they are likewise deserving of blame, for it is impossible for people to act as *they* do, and not know that they are doing *wrong*. *John Swift* has not less than three different times, by contributions amongst the gentlemen of the parish, been set up in such ways, as with any degree of industry, he might have maintained himself and family with great comfort and ease: but when he will spend his time at the ale-house, and with insolent ingratitude, abuse, and break the windows of those who have assisted him, because they will not give enough to maintain him in idleness: when his wife and children are so frequently found not only breaking down pales, but also robbing hen-roosts, and taking any thing they can carry off undiscovered, from the very houses to which they have been admitted to receive relief: when, I say, such is their conduct, added to their prophane swearing, and insufferable rudeness, though we may pity them for their distresses, and for being so wicked; certainly, the industrious and the honest, ought to be relieved before them: and whilst there is a virtuous poor person to be found who stands in need of assistance, the *Swifts* should go without, till the more deserving are supplied. Nevertheless, I by no mean blame you

for giving *Bob* your breakfast. On the contrary, it was a good-natured action, and far too noble a one to be sullied by the sly way you performed it in: but I dare say, it proceeded alone from want of consideration, and on every future occasion you will act with more manly openness.

Yes! yes! I suppose he will always do right, said little *George*; but do pray let us now go and see the ass: I have been waiting very quietly a great while, and I thought you would never leave off talking about it. Never mind, *Charles's* having put the bread in his pocket; for as there was no butter upon it, it will not grease or do any harm: so pray let us go to see the ass. Aye, with all my heart, said Mr. *Rotchford*, getting up and putting on his hat, and will not you accompany us, ladies? O! yes! pray come, said *Charles*, and see my new race horse, for I assure you, it is well worth going to behold: I will aver, that you never, any of you have seen such a curious animal before. Mrs. *Rotchford*, and the young ladies then attending, they all walked together to the field, where the ass was grazing; and a more miserable looking beast it would be impossible to suppose: it was so thin that its bones almost came through its skin, which was rubbed off and sore in several places; it was miserably lame, and its legs much swelled, with the blows they had received, from the brushes and shovels of its inhuman drivers: its hair filthily dirty, and covered with foot; added to which, its one *long*, and the other *short* ear, gave it a most unpleasant appearance.

And

And is this, exclaimed Miss *Sophia*, as they entered the field, is *this* the creature you have actually given a guinea for? Well! I did expect something handsomer than this, I confess: I think I never would have given that sum for such a *frightful, useless, one-eared, dirty, lame* beast as this! I do not wonder, indeed, *Charles*, you were ashamed of acknowledging what you gave for it. Aye! you have made a good bargain indeed! said *Mary*, I will not send you to market to buy cattle for me. Neither will I, I am sure, said *Kitty*! Do you not heartily repent of it, and wish you had my grand-papa's guinea, and *Pogey* his ass again? No, replied *Charles*; if it were likely to be cut, and tortured as it was about to be. I did not wish for the ass at all; it will be of no service to me, and that I knew when I bought him; but I do not, I assure you, *repent* of what I did, any farther, than I am sorry, that I so foolishly gave him *more* than I need to have done, if I had acted prudently: but if I could not have had it for less than the guinea, I had much rather give it, than the poor beast should be so misused. If I had kept my money, I should, I suppose, have spent it soon, in bats, balls, or kites; or something that would have been of no real service, and which I should soon have grown tired of: whereas, I shall never think of this without pleasure as long as I live; and doubt not, if you had seen him tied up, whilst the brutes were snipping his ear, you would also be of my opinion.

But brother! interrupted *George*, as they *have* been so cruel as to cut off one ear, do not you think the other had better be cropped too? It looks so strange and

lop-

lop-sided ! I am sure, if it was mine, though I should be very sorry to have it hurt, yet I would have the other cut to the same length : I would not do it *myself*, but I would ask *Pogey* to come and chop it off, as quick as he could ; for it does look so *crooked*, one ear may now laugh at the other.

Well then, *George*, said *Mr. Rotchford*, since you think what you call *lop-sided* things look so shocking, and would, if the ass was yours, send for *Pogey*, and cut off the other ear : shall I, as you are *my* little boy, send for *Mr. Soft*, and beg the favor of him to cut off your other arm ? because at present you certainly do not look on both sides alike ; and perhaps *one arm may laugh at the other* : so shall I have your arm taken off ? I will not do it *myself*, but send for somebody else to perform the operation.

No, no, Sir ! replied *George*, hastily, pray do not do that : I had much rather have only one arm, than none at all : besides, if it was of no use to me, I had rather look ever so *crooked*, than go through the pain of having it cut off. And so, no doubt, *George*, would the ass, replied *Mr. Rotchford*, much rather have his ears look uneven, than suffer the misery of losing the other : but you did not consider *his* pain, young man, when you so kindly advised your brother to send for *Pogey* ; as if, not doing it *yourself*, would prevent the poor beast from feeling the agonies, that cutting through live flesh must at all times occasion.

If ever, *George*, you should, when master of a horse, or any living creature, be inclined to hurt it for the sake of its beauty ; recollect whether you should like

some

Some person who had power over you, to treat you in the same manner : be assured, that though animals cannot speak, and make the out-cry you did, when your arm was taken off ; yet they feel just as much pain when their flesh is cutting, as you did upon the occasion. Think then, how *inhuman* ! how *barbarous* ! is the custom of docking horses tails, cropping their ears, and needlessly tormenting them, for the sake of pleasing your eye-sight, and making them look what you call rather handsomer. Mankind have so long accustomed themselves to the sight of such cruelties, that they pass almost unnoticed ; and people daily commit them, without even reflecting on the foulness of the crime : but if they would give themselves the trouble to reason seriously, and justly upon the subject, they would find, that *cruelty*, in any degree, practised either upon man, or beast, is a real *sin*, and displeasing in the sight of God, who made allthings to enjoy themselves ; and one which undoubtedly he will call us to an account for.

Man, God has been pleased to appoint master of this lower world ; and has given all the animals into his hand, to administer to his several wants and necessities. But when he gave them for his nourishment and assistance, he by no mean intended them to become the sport of his *cruelty* and barbarous inhumanity. God appointed man to be the *governor* ; but not the relentless *tyrant* of the brute creation : to *use* them as helps to his own weakness and necessities ; but not to *abuse* their unsuspecting ignorance, by the invention of his sagacious cruelty. I verily believe, however people through custom, may at present disregard it, the time will

will come, when cruelty exercised towards any beings that have *life and feeling*, shall, by a God of *justice and compassion*, whose “tender *mercy* is over *all* his works,” be recorded as a serious crime, and be punished accordingly. Be careful then, my dears, upon every occasion, to cultivate a *humane and merciful* disposition; and if the fashion of the world is become so corrupt, as to hack and hew living creatures, with as little compassion as they would the too luxuriant branches of a tree; still, do not you comply with the *ungenerous, inhuman* custom: do not you suffer yourselves to be prevailed upon to “follow a multitude to do evil.”

Mr. *Rotchford* was going to proceed upon this important subject, when he was interrupted by *Pompey's* coming to inform him, that a gentleman desired to see him, and was waiting for him in the parlour. The whole party, therefore, immediately returned in doors, and found Mr. *Chiron*, who was just returned from an absence of above ten months; during which period, business of absolute necessity, had detained him from his school. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that at his return he should find the chief of his scholars placed at different schools: but Mr. *Rotchford* had so just an estimation for his uncommon abilities and integrity of conduct, that he kept *Charles* at home, till he should be again ready to receive him, which he was now come to acquaint them that he was.

